

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE COMPANION WILL BE THE ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER . . IT WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF . . THIS AND THIS ONLY WE WISH TO SAY HERE . WHEN YOU RUN YOUR EYE DOWN THAT LONG LIST OF ATTRACTIVE READING MATTER PREPARED FOR NEXT YEAR . REMEMBER TWO THINGS . THAT IT MENTIONS ONLY A PART AND A SMALL PART AT THAT . OF WHAT THE COMPANION WILL GIVE YOU . AND THAT THERE IS NOT A LINE IN ALL THAT IT NAMES THAT ADULTS CANNOT READ WITH PLEASURE AND PASS ON TO THE YOUNGER PEOPLE WITH CONFIDENCE AND SATISFACTION

THE FAR NORTHWEST, by WALTER V. WOHLKE
Number three in the series, The "Four Corners"

A thrilling story of the air. SHRIMP KELLY "SOLOS"
Watch for these in the next issue

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DROPSY

DROPSY, derived from the Greek word for water, signifies an accumulation of watery fluid in abnormal amount or in some abnormal situation in the body. It may occur in one or more of the cavities such as the abdomen or the chest, in some organ such as the lungs or in any of the tissues, especially the loose connective tissue beneath the skin; when it is in the tissues it is usually called edema, from the Greek word meaning swelling. The fluid of dropsy is called lymph; it circulates in the tissues in the so-called lymph spaces or lymphatic vessels, and is virtually the same as the fluid part of the blood, from which it is in large measure derived.

Dropsy is owing either to an increase in the amount of fluid exuded from the minute blood vessels or to obstruction to the flow of lymph in the lymphatic vessels. The obstruction to the flow of lymph may result from pressure by a tumor or from a local thickening of the tissues or from a blocking of the lymphatic vessels by worms or other foreign bodies. The increased exudation of fluid from the blood vessels may be owing to congestion, to stagnation in the flow of blood, to the constriction of a vessel, especially a vein, by pressure from without, or by the formation of a clot within; or it may be owing to changes in the walls of the blood vessels caused by some toxic substance circulating in the blood and making them more permeable, or to changes in the constitution of the blood, as in anemia; finally, the constitution of the tissue fluids may alter and lead to differences in the osmotic pressure.

Dropsy may be local or general, but even when it is general it usually begins as a local swelling first noticed in the feet and ankles. Local edema is often the result of inflammatory congestion; it occurs in the nose in a beginning cold, in the eyelids in cases of conjunctivitis, and so forth. When it occurs in the feet and ankles it is often owing to some product of auto-intoxication or to beginning Bright's disease or heart disease. The dropsy associated with advanced kidney disease or heart disease is often general, involving the entire surface of the body and face.

The treatment of dropsy or edema calls for removing the cause if that is possible: reducing the local inflammation, removing a tumor or other source of pressure, treating the heart or Bright's disease, correcting any form of auto-intoxication, and so forth. When the cause cannot be removed and the fluid is so excessive in amount as to cause distress the condition may sometimes be alleviated by inducing sweating, purgation and increased action of the kidneys; the fluid distending any of the body cavities may be drawn off through a large hollow needle. Fluid may be drained from the legs by inserting small hollow needles.

MUSSOLINI'S METHODS WITH UNDESIRABLES

IT is a question which is more arbitrary in his manners of conducting government, Lenine or Mussolini. Neither seems to have any use for the liberty that was the political goddess of the nineteenth century, though Mussolini's hands are not bloodstained to the extent that those of the soviet ruler are.

Even the freedom of the press has been abolished in Italy. Serrati, the director of the Avanti, and thirteen of his associates have been arrested, and, though only one of them has been detained, they were all haled off to jail on the charge of stirring up sedition. The same fate befell the signatories of the Moscow manifesto.

A Dutch journalist, says Mr. Rothesay Stuart-Wortley in the British World's Work, was presented with his passport and dismissed across the frontier for making some hostile criticisms, and a Russian lady, an envoy of the soviets, whose evident intention of touring Italy was for purposes of making propaganda, met with still more "persuasive arguments." She had penetrated to Bologna, where she and "a gentleman friend," proceeding on their way to the Camera di Lavoro, with their buttonholes adorned with red rosettes, the emblem of "the cause," were accosted in the street. A stranger raised his hat and bowed.

"Signora X—, I have reason to believe?" The lady admitted her identity. Then followed a polite request for the removal of the red rosette. The lady refused to comply.

"Then I must regretfully permit myself to remove it for you," said the stranger.

An argument, a crowd, a scene, a short, sharp struggle, and the offending badge lay torn and tattered in the dust. The Russian "gentleman" had not moved a finger in his countrywoman's defense; he had quietly removed his own rosette.

"The next train for the frontier leaves in half an hour," continued the stranger. "If the signora will be good enough to accompany me, I will see her safely on board."

The lady had no choice but to follow his suggestion. On arriving at the station she was ushered into a first-class compartment. Her friend tried to accompany her; an iron grip fastened upon his coat collar, and he was jerked backward, hustled down the platform and kicked unceremoniously into the luggage van. "If you have not the courage to defend a lady in such circumstances as have just taken place, you are not fit to travel with her! *Animdie! Via!*"

DINNER AT HANGTOWN

IN California during the gold rush of '49 the cost of living rose to an extraordinary height. One adventurer from Massachusetts—so we learn from Mr. Octavius T. Howe's book Argonauts of Forty-Nine—copied the bill of fare of the Eldorado Hotel at Hangtown and sent the copy back to his family as a curiosity, which it certainly must have been in those days of moderate prices. Here it is:

SOUP	
Bean	\$1.00
Ox Tail (short)	1.50
ROAST	
Beef, Mexican (prime cut)	\$1.50
Beef, Mexican (up alone)	1.00
Beef, plain with one potato (fair size)	1.25
Same from the States	2.50
VEGETABLES	
Baked beans, plain	\$.75
Baked beans, greased	1.00
Two potatoes, medium size	.50
ENTREES	
Saur Kraut	\$1.00
Bacon, fried	1.00
Bacon, stuffed	1.00
Hash, low grade	.75
Hash, 18 carats	1.00
GAME	
Codfish Balls, per pair	\$.75
Ortzly roast	1.00
Jackass Rabbit (whole)	1.00
PASTRY	
Rice pudding, plain	\$.75
Rice pudding with molasses	.50
Rice pudding with brandy peaches	2.00
SQUARE MEAL	\$3.00

Payable in advance. Gold scales at the end of the bar.

HIS DEPRESSION WAS JUSTIFIED

HE was a sentimental youth who had been suffering for some time with severe love-sickness. One morning, says Sunbeams, he turned up at the office, looking the picture of abject misery.

"What's the matter?" asked his employer. "I can hardly tell you," the boy replied unsteadily. "I—I have at last proposed—and have been turned down."

"Tut-tut," replied his employer cheerfully. "It will turn out all right in the end. A woman's 'no' often means yes."

"Perhaps it does," was the sorrowful reply, "but this woman didn't say no; she just laughed."

THE PINK OF COURTESY

HE was a cab driver of the old sort, says Tit-Bits, and he was called as a witness in an action for damages incurred in a street collision. Ignoring the jury, he persisted in relating his story to the judge. Ultimately the judge stopped him and observed: "Address yourself to the jury."

So, turning awkwardly to the pew in which twelve tradesmen sat scowling, he smiled, nodded reassuringly and remarked: "Mornin', gents; all well at 'ome, I 'ope?"

Statement of ownership and management as required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

The Youth's Companion, published weekly at Boston, Massachusetts, for October 25, 1923.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin Stockin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the owners of The Youth's Companion and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.; Editor and Managing Editor—Charles M. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Business Managers—Charles E. Kelsey, Newton Center, Mass.; Edwin Stockin, Watertown, Mass.; Francis W. Hight, Winchester, Mass.

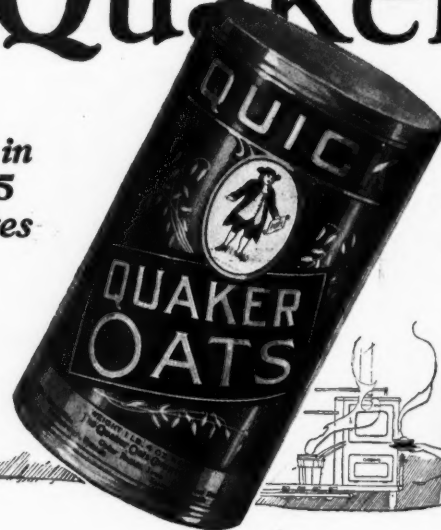
2. That the owners are: James W. E. Drake, Boston, Mass.; Estate of Seth Mendell, Brookline, Mass.; Charles E. Kelsey, Newton Center, Mass.; Edwin Stockin, Watertown, Mass.; Charles M. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Oliver B. Merrill, Summit, N. J.; Francis W. Hight, Winchester, Mass.; Joseph W. Vinal, Boston, Mass.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1923, Joseph W. Vinal, Notary Public.

Quick Quaker

Cooks in
3 to 5
Minutes



Which Do You Prefer?

Your grocer now has Quaker Oats in two styles.

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes. Regular Quaker is the kind you have always known. Look at the packages pictured here and get the style you prefer.

The only difference is this:

In Quick Quaker the oat grains are cut before flaking. They are rolled very thin and partly cooked. So the flakes are smaller and thinner—that is all. And those small thin flakes cook quickly.

All Quaker is flaked from the choicest grains alone—just the rich, plump, flaky oats. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

That is the reason for that extra flavor which won the world to Quaker.

Get Quick Quaker or regular, as you prefer. But if you love richness and flavor be sure to get Quaker.

The Original
and Favorite
for 40 Years

Regular

Quaker Oats



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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The EDGE OF RAVEN POOL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Chapter Three

Putting two and two together

WHEN they had eaten the meal that old Auntie Charlotte served them in the long, low dining room and Theo had fed her many dogs the two cousins went out into the afternoon sunshine. Followed by two or three leaping and frolicking puppies, they strolled down toward what Theo called "the quarters"—the huts occupied by the colored help employed on the place. There were perhaps half a dozen of them, and on each doorstep a colored man or woman greeted them politely. Theo presented each to Antoinette and many were the expressions, "Law-sie, how dat pair do favor each odder!"

But at the last hut, which was removed from the rest and which was built of ancient brick instead of wood, Theo stopped and remarked: "This hut is the only part of the quarters that has been here since before the Revolution. It's of brick, you see. It's where old Marm Debbie lives. No one knows how old she really is. She was a slave here long before the Civil War. You know how old Uncle Neb seems? Well, actually he says she took care of him when he was a little boy and his mother had died, and she was a grown woman then. So you can imagine! She's really remarkable, so well and strong and active! She gets around her little house and keeps it just as neat and nice, and she gets her own meals and all that. But there's something the matter with her mind. She had some accident or a shock or something a good many years ago, and she could never talk since—only a few words that don't seem to mean anything. Uncle Neb says she was found one morning lying on the floor of her hut; apparently she had been struck on the head and hurt badly. But they could never find out how it happened, and she's been like this ever since. Our family has always kept her and taken care of her; she does beautiful mending still; mother sends all of ours to her. Come round and see her now."

They walked round to the front steps of the hut, and there sat the most ancient colored woman Antoinette had ever seen. She was tall and thin and emaciated. Her head was tied up in an immaculate white bandanna handkerchief. On her nose were perched immense silver-rimmed spectacles, and she was mending beautifully a fine linen tablecloth.

"How are you today, Marm Debbie?" Theo asked. The old colored woman nodded a number of times and then, raising her head, stared at them vaguely and mumbled: "Dere was two ob dem—two ob dem! Dey got away, but hit's safe—safe! Marm Debbie knows!"

Theo drew Antoinette away, and they hurried off into the woods. "Well, what do you think of her?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know what to think. What



does it all mean? Those things she says sound mysterious. Is that all she ever says?"

"Absolutely all. But now let me tell you the strange thing about it. Uncle Neb told me this. The night she had the accident that injured her was the one before the day on which they closed up that room in the Savannah house!"

Theo stopped short and looked triumphantly at Antoinette.

"Then there must be some connection!" gasped her cousin in genuine wonder.

"There certainly is, but no one has ever seemed to have thought of it but me!" declared Theo. "Now I reckon you'll believe me when I say there are mysteries down here as well as up yonder in the city!"

Antoinette walked on at her cousin's side, so much absorbed in her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed the wilderness through which they were following an almost indiscernible path. Tall live oaks formed the main part of the woods, but a thick undergrowth of palmettos and long, hanging vines and creepers made their progress slow. Theo, however, went forging ahead, and presently they emerged into a little clearing in the

centre of which nestled a dark, still pool of water. Over the edge bent a great old live oak, the ancient branches of which were hung thick with long streamers of gray Spanish moss. It gave the spot a weird and eerie aspect.

On the edge of the little sheet of water Theo halted. "This is Raven Pool!" she announced. "Don't you think that's a splendid name for it? It's been called so a great many years, I think because the water is always as black as a raven's wings. I love to come here and sit on the bank once in a while. I'm the only one that ever does. The colored folks wouldn't come near it; they think something awful must have happened here sometime or other, though no one knows just what. They think it's 'hanted'! Do you see that?" She pointed off to one side toward a vague gray mass just visible through the overhanging vines and moss.

"Why," exclaimed Antoinette, "that looks like one of the old vaults in the Colonial Cemetery! It's exactly the same shape!"

"It is the old Spencer family vault!" Theo replied. "It's never used any more, and hasn't been for many, many years. The family has a plot in Bonaventure Cemetery and hasn't buried anyone here since before the Civil War. But there isn't a servant on the place who would come near this spot. They're desperately afraid of it!"

She said no more, and they stood awhile looking down into the dark quiet little sheet of water reflecting the overhanging trees and moss. Then with a shiver Antoinette drew her cousin away. "Let's go somewhere else," she said. "Not that I'm afraid or anything like that, but it makes me feel a bit uncanny and queer. You see, I never came across anything quite like this before. We don't have that kind of thing up North!"

Theo laughed, and they walked on out of the tangle of forest. "I'll show you some nice ordinary things now," she said. "The sugar-boiling kettle where they grind up and boil out the sugar cane. That's right good fun in

the fall! And down on the shore are the oyster beds, where they're opening oysters as fast as they can work this very minute."

They strolled about idly for the rest of the afternoon; Antoinette was fascinated with all the new, and to her marvelous, aspects of plantation life. The dogs chased after them in a rollicking horde as the girls made the rounds and finally came back to sit on the wide veranda and gaze out over the wild marshes to the ocean two miles away. Antoinette had managed to shake off the curious and unpleasant sensation that she had experienced as they stood on the edge of Raven Pool, but the wonder of Theo's revelation about Marm Debbie was still with her.

A little later they went for a plunge in the river, and Antoinette, who had never learned to swim, found to her great surprise that under her cousin's instruction she could actually keep afloat and even swim a little. And when they had at last come out and dressed again Theo's mother sent word that she wished to meet the new relative and would be glad to see her in her room.

In the darkened bedroom Antoinette's impression of her Aunt Annabelle was that of a weary invalid who nevertheless rather enjoyed her invalidism and who was inclined to make the most of it. She was a pale, light-haired woman who spoke with a languid Southern drawl and divided the time equally between describing her symptoms and inquiring about her new relative's affairs and welfare. Though Antoinette was sorry for her, she did not feel in the least drawn to her and was glad when the interview was over.

The two girls ate the evening meal alone again and afterwards sat long on the veranda in the moonlight. Then Theo yawned and proposed that they go to bed. Though Antoinette was not in the least sleepy, she agreed, and they bade each other good night and retired to their separate rooms.

But Antoinette could not sleep. She tossed and turned in the bed, across which the

"She just keeps muttering, 'Hit's safe—safe—safe!'"

moonlight streamed; her mind kept running over and over all the curious things that she had seen and heard that day. Two hours slipped by and still she had not closed her eyes. Strange sounds about the house also worried her, though they, she felt sure, were owing more to her imagination than to anything else. But suddenly she sat up in bed, certain that she heard soft footsteps outside her door. A moment later when it was pushed open she almost screamed, so tense were her overwrought nerves.

But a low voice called to her: "Don't be frightened, Tony! It's only Theo!"

Antoinette sank back with a sigh of relief, and Theo tiptoed over to her bed and began in an excited whisper: "Do you want to see something awfully strange, Tony? If you do, get up and dress and come with me and don't make the least sound if you can help it. I'll be out on the veranda in a minute or two and meet you there."

"Yes, I'll come!" Antoinette replied unsteadily, wondering what could possibly be the matter. But she got up and dressed with all speed and in the moonlight tiptoed out to the veranda to find Theo waiting for her. "Now don't be frightened!" whispered her cousin. "It's nothing that will hurt you, no danger of any kind, but a strange thing that happens every once in a while. I was going to tell you about it today, but I thought you'd understand better if you saw it for yourself. Just follow me as softly as you can. Don't make a bit of unnecessary noise!"

Theo led the way down the veranda steps; the moonlight made the ground almost as bright as if it were in broad day. As they left the veranda two of the dogs sleeping there sprang up with a joyful yap; Theo silenced them with a motion and allowed them to follow. Down toward the quarters they proceeded, but before they reached the place Theo struck off into a side path that passed round it and into the dense tangle of woods where they had been that afternoon.

"O Theo, you're not going there, are you?" Antoinette shuddered and grasped her cousin spasmodically by the shoulder.

Theo stopped short in the path. "Why? You're not afraid, are you?"

Thus challenged, Antoinette was ashamed to admit that she had any fears. "No," she stammered, "not afraid, only it seems—seems a queer thing to do—somehow!"

"There's not a bit of danger; if there had been, I shouldn't have come," Theo assured her. "There's something here that I want you to see, that's all. You'll understand better if you see it with your own eyes. We won't go much farther."

She led the way forward without another word and then, suddenly halting, threw out her arm to stop her cousin. They were almost at the edge of Raven Pool, but separated from it still by a tangle of bushes and vines. "Hush! Look over on the other side of the pool!" warned Theo.

Antoinette looked in the direction indicated; on the opposite bank grew an immense live oak; its ancient branches spread far out over the water and were draped thickly with long streamers of Spanish moss. So great was its girth that three people with their arms spread wide and their finger tips touching would be required to span its circumference. A few feet from the ground the main trunk divided, and three huge branches supported the great mass of foliage. At the foot of the tree squatted a curious figure in a white bandanna turban. The moonlight sifting through the leaves glittered on great silver-rimmed spectacles. The figure sat motionless and silent except when at long intervals it patted the trunk of the great tree with a skinny hand and muttered something indistinguishable.

"It's Marm Debbie!" Theo whispered. "She comes here every once in a while and just sits there muttering like that. No one knows it but me. I got near enough to hear her once. She just keeps muttering, 'Hit's safe—safe—safe!' over and over and over. I told you I'd give you the surprise of your life! Now I reckon you'll believe me!"

Early on the morning of the following day another visitor arrived at the plantation.

"Here comes Ralph Peyton, hurrah!" cried Theo as they were leaving the breakfast table.

Glancing down toward the dock, Antoinette beheld a small motor boat tied to it; from it was emerging a boy seventeen or eighteen years old, burdened with fishing rod, gun and a pair of rubber hip boots. As he came nearer she noticed that he was freckled, towheaded and homely, but that he had a jolly twinkle in his eyes, which were

light blue, and that his mouth could twist into a humorous grin at the slightest provocation.

"His home is on a plantation on the other side of the island," explained Theo. "Our families have been friends since before anyone can remember. In fact I'm not sure but that he's some kind of a distant cousin too. Anyhow he's a jolly good sort and comes over often to hunt and fish with me. You'll like him."

True to her cousin's prediction, Antoinette did like Ralph Peyton from the start. They all spent a delightful day together, fishing along the river, and later they had a swim

He was freckled, towheaded and homely, but . . . had a jolly twinkle in his eyes



down at the edge of the ocean, where Ralph had taken them in the launch. It was a day spent in a manner altogether new and delightful to Antoinette. After Ralph had gone home late that afternoon she asked Theo whether he knew anything of the strange mystery that surrounded their affairs at the plantation and at the Savannah house.

Theo opened her eyes wide at the question. "Why, of course not!" she cried. "To be sure he knows that some things about us are rather peculiar, and that Marm Debbie is 'off' and all that, but you know so many queer things happen down here to lots of families and have happened in the past that I reckon he doesn't think much about it."

The next day it rained hard. At first the two girls put on rubbers and slickers and braved the weather, making the rounds of the plantation in the drenching downpour and laughing over the bedraggled state they got themselves into. But later the fun palled, and they went to the house, changed to dry things and sat before a big log fire on the living-room hearth. As the time seemed ripe and they were alone again, Antoinette turned the conversation to the subject that absorbed her.

"I can't keep my mind away from it, Theo!" she declared. "I've heard and read of strange mysteries before, but I never dreamed of coming across a real one and right in our own family too!"

"Yes, and you'd think I ought to know more about it, wouldn't you, living here all my life?" said Theo. "Yet I know little more than you do. And you've discovered the most important thing, that scrap of paper behind the picture."

"To think that this has been going on more than forty years!" exclaimed Antoinette. "How very, very singular! Theo, why in the world should a room be closed up and its use be forbidden to anyone? Surely it wouldn't hurt it to be used! And yet kept swept and clean and prepared for company

all the time! O Theo, can it be possible that Aunt Adelaide has been expecting some one to come back and occupy it any time during all these years. The idea just occurred to me!"

"Quick! Give me that note a moment!" cried Theo. "I want to look at it again. There's something I've just thought of too!"

Antoinette drew the paper carefully from her bag, and they both pored over it intently. "Here's my idea," Theo explained. "Some one who must have known Aunt Adelaide very well wrote that note to her and hid it inside the portrait. There must have been need of great secrecy, and the person must have been in a great hurry. In fact, that's what it says, 'No time to explain.' But what those numbers mean I can't imagine."

"Oh, perhaps they mean the number of the letters as they come in the alphabet!" exclaimed Antoinette hopefully.

But Theo immediately dashed that hope. "I thought of that myself, but it can't be. No letter of the alphabet goes beyond twenty-six, but here are forty and forty-four. It can't be that. And the next question," continued Theo, "is this: Does Aunt Adelaide know about that note? Is it possible she's never seen it? I think she can't know about it, for surely she wouldn't have left it behind that picture all this time if she had known."

"That's what I think," agreed Antoinette. "And I am going to show it to her as soon as I get home. Now about Marm Debbie. What do you suppose could have happened to her that had any connection with this affair?"

"That's another thing that I've never found any explanation for," remarked Theo. "I've questioned Uncle Neb and every darky on the place who would be in the least likely to know about it. All they can tell is that she was found lying on the floor of her cabin one morning unconscious. She was fully dressed and looked as if she hadn't gone to bed the night before. Her head seemed to have been injured as if by a severe blow. But when she recovered she was just as she is now and could never tell anything about it. Those words she says don't seem to mean much. 'Dere was two ob dem,' might mean that two people attacked her. Father told me once that she had always been known among the colored folks as a kind of witch or 'conjure darky.' They thought she could bring bad luck on them. He thought that two negroes whom she had been supposed to 'put a spell on'—as they call it—had tried to punish her or get even with her, or something like that. 'Dey got away,' no doubt means that they escaped. But what she intends by 'Hit's safe' we can't imagine."

"But why do you suppose she comes to the pool at night and sits by that tree and says those strange things?" asked Antoinette, unconsciously lowering her voice.

"That," said Theo, "is one of the biggest mysteries to me of all. The first time I discovered her at that trick was one night a number of months ago. I just had a notion to take a little walk by moonlight, and I slipped out without making a sound. It happened that I turned in the direction of the pool, and there I saw Marm Debbie sitting. I was scared for a moment; it all looked so weird. But I never let her know I was there. And another night late I found her there again. And now I know she goes there frequently and always says and does the same thing. Sometimes she stares down into the pool a long time and shakes her head. But mostly she pats the trunk of that big live oak and mutters, 'Hit's safe—safe—safe.' What's 'safe,' or why, or where, I can't imagine."

They mused awhile in silence over the problem; it seemed truly quite beyond solution. Then Theo gazed down at the faded scrap of paper lying in her lap. "There's one thing I'm going to do," she announced. "I'm going right now

to make two accurate copies of this note, one for you and one for me. If you have to give this up to Aunt Adelaide, we shall still be able to remember exactly how the message ran."

"I think our only hope of ever making any headway in this matter," said Antoinette, "lies in what Aunt Adelaide will do or say when I hand the paper to her and explain how I found it. Perhaps she'll say something that will throw some light on it. She might even tell me who 'A. R.' is."

Theo laughed outright. "If you knew Aunt Adelaide as well as I do, you'd never suppose that for a minute! She'll take it and say 'Thank you' and walk away with it, and that will be the last you'll ever see or hear of it!"

At that moment the sun came out, and patches of blue sky began to appear. "Come!" cried Theo. "It's clearing up. Let's go out and tramp about a bit. I'm tired and sick of the house!"

They were walking down toward the landing when Uncle Neb suddenly appeared, hurrying toward them from the motor boat that had just returned from Thunderbolt.

"O Miss Tony!" he cried, panting. "Yo' auntie sent word you is please to come home at once. She sho am right sick. Took to her bed yesterday afternoon, an' she wants you back to help her out. She done sent me fo' you!"

"All right, Uncle Neb. I'll hurry and pack at once and be down here in twenty minutes!" replied Antoinette, much alarmed.

"Oh, I'm so disappointed!" lamented Theo, who had followed to help her. "I had hoped you were to stay several days longer. It's very unusual for Aunt Adelaide to be ill. I don't remember when she has been ill before. I hope it's nothing serious. Never mind! She'll let you come again when she's better, and maybe mother will feel well enough to let me run up for a day or two soon. Meanwhile, you'll write, won't you?"

"I'll surely write," Antoinette assured her. "And I'm so happy to have found you, Theo. You don't know what you mean to me. I was so lonely, and no one seemed to care much!"

And the last thing she saw as the little motor boat rounded a curve in the stream that shut the plantation from sight was Theo perched on the end of the wharf, waving a white handkerchief with one hand while she cuddled an adoring puppy with the other.

Two days later Theo received from her cousin a note that quite electrified her. It ran:

I haven't time for more than a line. Aunt Adelaide is quite miserable. I can't make out what is the matter with her. She is in bed, and I have most of the things here to see to. I'm frightfully busy and can't explain anything now. But—I have found out who "A. R." is! Tony.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The dogs chased after them in a rollicking horde





The "DUDE WRANGLER'S" DILEMMA

By E.E. Harriman



BOB HERBERT had been raised on a ranch and had acted as a cowboy until he was an expert in the work. He had learned to ride almost as soon as he could walk. He had begun roping at the age of five, coached by a skillful father. At fifteen he could rope a hog—one of the hardest feats a cowboy tries. To roping cattle he had added such tricks as catching a deer, which he had surprised on the plain far from cover; and once he had run down and roped a bobcat, only to have the beast turn at the first touch of the rope, leap on his horse's rump and cling there for an instant. A single instant had been enough, for the horse began bucking furiously; while Bob stuck by main strength to his frantic mount the cat jumped off again, got rid of the rope and vanished.

"I sure got all I paid for," Bob said ruefully. "That there hoss bucked until my nose bled, and all the rest of the day he would hump his back if he heard any strange noise. Had me scart stiff for fear he'd get goin' again."

Now at the age of twenty-two Bob had become a "dude wrangler." An offer of double the wages he had been earning had taken him away from the "cow critters" and set him at work guiding parties of tourists. There were times when he longed to be back among honest cows.

"Ma'am," he once said to one woman, "if that there hoss has to carry you down this grade, he's got to have his head. Pullin' up on the rein that a way bothers an' confuses him like. Let it go slack."

"The idea!" was the indignant reply. "As if I needed you to tell me how to handle the reins. I have ridden for two years at home."

"Yes, ma'am, but that was in a park. This is in the mountains, and I'm tellin' you, ma'am, it's different," said Bob patiently.

"Save your impertinence for some one else, sir. I am perfectly competent to handle this horse," she insisted.

"Mebbe, ma'am, but I've got my orders. The boss told me to watch out nobody reined a hoss off the trail. If they do, they'll get smashed up by rollin' a long ways over rocks. I've got to obey orders, ma'am, an' this train don't move until things are right."

The woman had yielded to his quiet insistence—after she saw that the cavalcade would not start until she did. Then she had become frightened when her horse turned a sharp corner above a vertical drop of hundreds of feet. In her fright she yanked on the reins, and her horse reared. She kept pulling, and he reared again.

Bob had dismounted and run back past the other horses, calling to her to "slack off" on the reins. He got a hand on the leather and jerked it forward. The horse came back to earth, snorting, and the woman blamed Bob for her danger!

Bob had long before begun to regret accepting the job. Many times he wished that he were back on the range. He understood cattle. These strange people who refused to accept guidance from men who had lived their lives in the mountains he did not understand. "It's kind of humiliatin' to be hopped on roughshod when a feller is doin' his best to save an accident an' blamed for tother party's foolishness," he said to his chum. "Seems like some folks don't believe in nothin' less it's like they had it at home. Then too some gits their notions about the West out'n these here stories writ by a man that never was west of Buffalo." Nevertheless loyalty kept Bob at his task.

Then there came to the ranch a woman and her fifteen-year-old son. The mother was a widow with a big fortune. The son had been so pampered and indulged that he believed he was something superlative. As a

natural consequence he had become insolent, intolerant, willful and conceited.

He could ride fairly well, but he knew nothing of the way to treat a horse; he had no respect for the rights of his mount. On four trips made under the guidance of Bob with his mother and others he had mistreated his horse. Three times Bob merely reproved him in such terms as he could not well ignore. The fourth time the cowboy seized the bridle and gave the young upstart his choice between treating the horse properly and walking back to the ranch.

The mother had paid no attention to the other affairs, but that time she grew indignant and complained to the ranch owner.

"Ma'am," he said mildly, "Bob had to do it. He would be fired if he did less. If we let folks yank our horses' mouths on these trails, we would have to start a cemetery right soon. A trail hoss has to be trusted and trust his rider, or there's trouble. Set a chap on a horse and let the brute get the notion he can't trust his rider and he loses self-control and mashes somebody out flat."

The woman did not half believe the boss, but his impressive words silenced her. More-

look, but Bob never let his gaze slacken in its intensity. The impudent look began to waver a little. The boy glanced round and observed that no third person had witnessed his rebuke.

"All right, Mister Man, I promise," he said. "Good enough! I don't think you're a liar or a sneak, so I'll get things moving right away. Furthermore, I'll promise you a chance to use that camera on some wild game if possible."

There was clever diplomacy in Bob's promise. He knew the boy was enthusiastic on the subject of photographing animals and birds; by swapping pledges with the boy Bob had as it were a double cinch on him and felt much better.

The route chosen for the trip led the party through a pass in the mountains, along a winding trail that kept steadily climbing in a wide circle to the shores of a little lake. There they would camp for the night and in the morning would start back by another route. It was a picturesque country.

Bob had his hands full in looking after the party. He noticed with relief that Bert was treating his horse considerably. He had no



Bert was stretched out almost horizontally

over, she had heard other people say that Bob was the best guide on the range; so she went on accepting him as a necessary evil. With others she planned a new trip.

There were six in the party, and Bob made ready with care and some trepidation. He knew that he could never guide them without anxiety. He dreaded the disaster that he felt sure the boy would eventually bring about through his willfulness. He made an opportunity to talk to him alone just before starting out, and he talked plainly.

"Look here, Bert Armstrong, you and I have got to come to some kind of an agreement today. Four times now you have done things no real man would ever do to a hoss, things that make a man who cares for his hoss mad enough to fight. I don't know, but I'm sort of givin' you the benefit of the doubt in these cases and blamin' it all on your ignorance of a hoss. Don't like to believe a boy would be so mean if he realized what it meant. So we'll just let it go you didn't really mean to act rank. But today you've got to give me your word you'll treat the hoss you ride and all the other nags kind and gentle. If you don't, there won't be no trip. I'll just tell the boss I ain't goin' and why. He'll back me up even if it means your party gettin' on their ear and out of camp *muv pronto*. Do you promise?"

Bert Armstrong looked at Bob in silence for a moment. There was insolence in his

way of looking into the boy's mind, and so did not know that he was wondering how, while keeping to the letter of his promise regarding the horse, he could best annoy and torment the guide. Bert rode just behind his mother at the rear of the party. Twice on their outward trip Bob halted the cavalcade to let Bert try his luck at photographing animals. Once he had pointed out a porcupine waddling along beside a fallen tree; the second time it was a marmot.

The trail led past a slope where a snow-slide had swept down hundreds of lodgepole pines. They lay in an inextricable tangle; crossed and crisscrossed in utter confusion and almost wholly devoid of bark, they gave the scene an air of desolation. Just as Bob came opposite the centre of the maze of bare trunks a bear rose on his hind legs to look at the party. He was in the midst of the fallen timber, and when he rose to his full height he showed only his head, neck and shoulders. Bob knew something of the depth of the piled logs at that place, and he recognized the bear as unusually big. Moreover, he saw bloody streaks on the creature's head.

"Take a good luck at him, folks," Bob urged. "It may be the only time you will ever have a chance to see a grizzly just after he's had a mill with another one of his own kind. That there bear has been in a fight, and he feels ugly. See! Look how he smacks his

jaws and notice the red marks where tother bear clawed him. He's on the prod like a mad cow, but he sure is a picture from here!"

"I want to go close enough to get a good photograph of him," said Bert, starting to get off his horse. "Wait for me, will you?"

"Don't you try it!" Bob protested. "He'll claw you sure's you get anywhere near 'im. Keep on your hoss."

"Aw, shucks! I don't believe it," Bert objected.

"It don't make a mite of differ what you believe; he'll just do it. You stick to your saddle and use your camera from where you're at now," Bob insisted. "I wouldn't take no chances with a grizzly after he's just been in a fight. He's sure sore at the world."

Mrs. Armstrong ordered her son to stay on the trail. He protested angrily, and she changed to pleading. Bob called out to the party to follow and started off. Looking back, he saw that all were behind him. Just ahead was a steep incline, and he turned his attention to the pack animals that he was driving.

A hundred yards farther on he looked back again. He could see the hips of the sorrel horse that Bert rode showing at the end of the line. The rest of the party hid the forward part of the animal from him as they wound round a curve in the mountain. All safe, he thought, and yelled at a pack horse. A scream from Mrs. Armstrong startled him.

Dismounting at once, he called to the pack animals, which stopped instantly. Bob ran back toward the screaming woman and found her wringing her hands. She uttered no word, just screamed.

Bob started to say something to her, but stopped as he spied the sorrel horse. The saddle was empty; Bert had dismounted in perverse humor and had let his horse follow the rest. Instantly Bob ducked past the shrieking mother, caught the sorrel, swung into the saddle and turned back. Hurrying the horse along the trail, he retraced the distance they had come since seeing the bear, and there, walking a thick pine on top of the tangle and within a few feet of where the bear had been, was Bert Armstrong.

"Come back here, you young idiot!" Bob yelled at him. "You'll get your mother's monkey into trouble if you don't."

Bert turned his head, made a grimace and started on again. A big head rose swiftly out of the down timber and turned toward the yelling cowboy, then toward the boy. Bert paused, canted his ready camera down and pressed the bulb. The click sounded clearly in Bob's ears.

As soon as he had snapped the shutter Bert turned his camera and began to wind the film for a second view. The bear growled, ducked under a log and rose much closer to the boy. Bert apparently did not notice his approach. Again Bob yelled at him:

"Look out! He's working in toward you. He'll get you yet!"

Jumping off the sorrel and reaching for his holster, he ran down toward the timber. His feet touched the first log, and he went along the top at a run.

The bear growled again, and Bert looked up. The big head with its red scars was now very close, the little pig eyes looked red and fierce; the jaws smacked horribly. All at once the boy was afraid, horribly afraid. He screamed shrilly, dropped his camera and grabbed at a pocket.

"Don't do that!" cried Bob, hurrying. "Back up slow and let that fool popgun alone! Back up and watch your step. Oh, you fool, you've spilled the beans now! Jump! Jump!"

For Bert had dragged out a small revolver and had fired it in the face of the snarling beast. It was an act, not of courage, but of

fear. The little bullet had gone true, but the bear's skull was too thick and sloped too sharply for it to enter. It had ripped a long lane through the animal's sore scalp and had gone screaming off into space. The grizzly replied with such a terrifying sound, half roar, half growl, that what little sense remained in Bert fled instantly.

The bear ducked under another log and began to crawl over a big one that lay on the ground. Once beyond it, he could reach the boy with his claws, one sweep of which would send Bert flying, a quivering mass of mutilated flesh and broken bones. Bob was still forty feet away, running on a peeled log in his high-heeled cowboy boots. He was in an agony of fear lest he slip and crash among the jagged, broken branches and interwoven logs. The little revolver was barking fast now, and the shrieks of the scared boy filled the air. Bob had his heavy revolver out, but he had no fair target. Bert was between him and the bear. Between the boy's shaking knees the cowboy caught a glimpse of the furred head with its wide-spreading cinnamon-colored chops. It looked very close. Should he fire on the chance that he could throw his bullet between those legs? Or should he try a leap to another log at the right to gain a clear view of the bear? A great paw swung, and long claws caught the cloth on the boy's leg.

Bob decided and acted simultaneously. Up swung the heavy gun and roared loudly. Bert fell sideways, caught an upright stub of a branch with both hands and hung on.

The bear had both paws clamping his foot now, hauling on it until Bert was stretched out almost horizontally. He had set his other foot against another limb and braced himself, screaming horribly as the bear reached forward and set his teeth in the calf of his leg. Again the big gun barked hoarsely, and the bear released the leg to bite at its own flesh. Now Bob paused long enough to swing down accurately and aim at the neck at its junction with the skull. The crack of the weapon had no more than sounded when Bob leaped again, landed on the log where Bert now was clinging, jerked him backward and flipped his gun over the boy's dangling, bloody leg.

The turning grizzly grew swiftly limp and settled slowly down among the logs. His head lay across the small pine in front of him, and his nose tilted upward as his weight dragged his jaw across the rounded bole.

Bob, straddling the log, hauled Bert into his arms and returned his gun to its holster. "Bert," he said, "I hate to rub it in on ye, but seems like you might credit a feller that knows bears with havin' a little sense."

Bob carried the sobbing, shaking boy out of the timber and up to the trail. He cleansed and bandaged the torn leg. Then he went back, recovered the camera and the little revolver, stuck up a signal over the dead bear and got ready for a swift return to the ranch.

The following day Bob was explaining the whole adventure to the men at the ranch. "Well, I got that bear first crack where he would have died in a few minutes, but a grizzly don't need more'n twenty seconds to wreck a man when he's mad. I shot right 'tween the kid's legs. Made a hole in his breeches just below the knee too, but didn't mark the skin. Shot three times and made a good target every time, but the kid would have been minus a leg if I hadn't have busted the neck bone the last shot. An' d'ye know, that was old Panhandler, the bear I've fed trout to with my fingers! He'd had a row with another bear; that's why he acted savage. I don't believe he'd have followed the kid if Bert had walked backward slow like I told him, but when that thirty-two shot slashed his scalp he got mad. So would I if any fool plugged me with a popgun like that!"

"Well, it did a little good," said Harley Brock. "The kid ain't sassy any more. I've got a hunch he's goin' to pan out good yet. Heard 'im beggin' his ma to leave 'im here for a year."

"If she'll do that, we'll make a real he-man out of him," declared Billy Gray. "He's not such a bad kid. He's just been spoilt in the breakin'. Needs to be bitted an' trained a little, that's all."

That was four years ago, and now the men at the "dude ranch" raise the welcoming long yell when they see Bert Armstrong come riding in on a cayuse.

He is strong, broad-shouldered, alert, kind to horses and popular with real men. Bob Herbert is his "side kick" on numberless trips, and Bob carries a neat little thirty-two as some men carry a rabbit's foot; it is the same gun that Bert used when he got his lesson.

The ESKIMO DOG IN ARCTIC WORK

By Donald B. MacMillan

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Donald B. MacMillan with two dogs that were with him in Baffin Land

MORE than a thousand years ago the hardy Norsemen dared to turn the high prows of their open boats toward the land of the midnight sun. Passing scattered bits of ice and hundreds of towering bergs, they eventually reached the edge of the great pack and beheld stretching out before them that apparently limitless and impenetrable field of ice. They wondered then what was beyond, as man will continue to wonder until every square foot of this little world of ours is placed accurately upon the map.

The early explorers, when their ships were blocked by the ice, harnessed themselves to their improvised sledges, plodded on through deep snows, crossed treacherous thin ice, climbed pressure ridges and planted their flag at farthest north. With the years—profiting by the experience of those who failed, many of whom did not return—man has slowly been bringing those northern lands out of the mists. Coast lines that were once conjectural and shaded off into that great white expanse across which has been written for centuries the word "unknown" are gradually taking form.

Most of the work has been done by plucky Englishmen pulling their own sledges, plodding wearily onward with frozen faces, frozen fingers and frozen feet, but conscious of the thrill that comes from discovering new lands, acquiring new facts for science and above all the consciousness of work well done.

It is well for youth to remember the wording of a message written by the gallant Beaumont and found under the rocks of north Greenland: "We'll go on as long as we can and as far as we can. God help us."

The charting of that unknown stretch of coast line is a monument to those who died and brings to mind the inscription in Westminster Abbey:—"Not here. The Great White North holds thy bones,"—written in reference to Sir John Franklin and his one hundred

and twenty-nine men who "fell forward on their faces and died as they walked."

Naturally after such harrowing experiences man looked and planned for aid in accomplishing such a valuable work. He hoisted sails on sledges, which merrily sped him on his way when the wind was strong and favorable. The idea was a natural result of a sailor's training. Incidentally I may add that all Arctic men should be sailors. Explorers even tried huge square kites, flown high in the air and hitched to the bows of sledges, and at times they proved of valuable service.

Profiting by the experience of Lapps, Arctic explorers used reindeer more than a century ago, but those animals never were and never will be of much help to the explorer in the far north. They have not the stamina for a thousand-mile trip; their food supply of moss cannot be depended upon daily throughout great stretches of unknown territory, and the rough broken ice of the polar sea would prove an effective barrier against their advance. To force such animals through and over some of the rough ice fields would certainly result in broken legs and consequent loss to the explorer of much needed aid to get home. Reindeer are too bulky to transport on shipboard, and their food is too bulky to transport on sledges.

The Siberian pony used by Fiala, Jackson, Scott, Shackleton and others has certain points in its favor. Ponies are easily managed, have great endurance, do not mind the cold, are exceptionally strong and hardy and can pull as much weight as a team of eight dogs. But for prolonged work they require more food a day than a team of dogs requires.

If no food can be obtained on the way either for ponies or for dogs, there may be little to choose between the two animals; the decision will depend largely on the nature of the region to be explored. The pony is at its best on the great Greenland ice cap or on the elevated ice plateau that surrounds the South Pole, where not a living thing dwells and there is no food for either animal. Both make acceptable food for man.

PONIES AT A DISADVANTAGE

Even there where the pony is at its best and the dog is at its worst there are many points in favor of the dog, the late Sir Ernest Shackleton admitted to me. Possibly no other places in the world have such low temperatures and such terrific winds as the continental ice cap of Greenland and the land called Antarctica, surrounding the South Pole. In the circumstances the pony must be sheltered at the end of the day's march in order to preserve its vitality and strength for the next day. That compels the explorer either to carry large shelter tents and many warm blankets or to quarry out a hole in the solid ice cap to serve the animals as a stall. A Danish Greenland expedition followed the last-named course several years ago; but it imposes severe labor on men already exhausted with the day's work. In the most severe weather dogs curl up in a round ball, place their bushy tails over their noses and are asleep in a few seconds; the drift sweeps over and round their bodies, which are

Mr. MacMillan, one of the most distinguished of Arctic explorers, is now engaged in further investigation of the frozen north.

protected by their undercoat of fur and by their outer coat of long hair.

In similar circumstances there is one other point in favor of the dog. The greatest danger that the ice-cap explorer faces is the snow-covered crevasse, which even an experienced eye finds it most difficult to detect. Here we have a trap much more cunning than the thin ice of the polar sea. The ice bridge may sustain a weight at any one point of, say, one hundred pounds. The pony has a concentrated weight of some six hundred pounds resting upon four feet. He is gone the instant he steps boldly out on the mass. A team of eight dogs, on the other hand, has its divided weight of six hundred pounds resting upon thirty-two legs. The weight is so equally divided and widely distributed that the team crosses the snow bridge in safety.

THE DOG'S ENDURANCE

The real value of the Eskimo dog for exploration was first recognized in 1853-55 by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, who beheld with what ease and rapidity the Smith Sound natives covered long distances along the northwestern shores of Greenland. He predicted then that man would eventually reach the North Pole with the aid of dogs.

The first real polar work with the Eskimo dog was undertaken by Peary in 1892 when



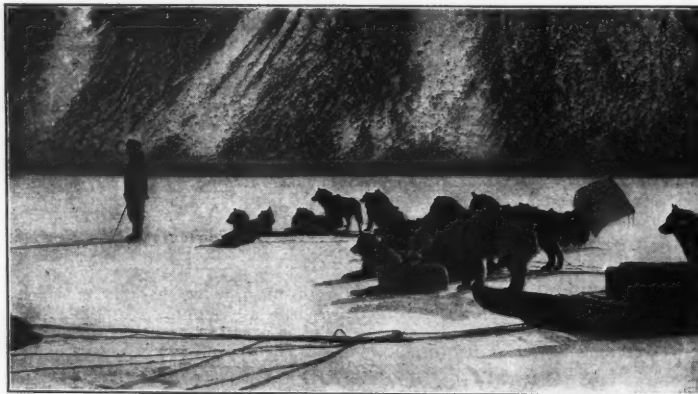
Direct descendants of the northern white wolf

he disappeared over the great continental ice sheet of Greenland, headed north, hoping that he had discovered a highway to the pole. He was the first to plan in case of an emergency to feed dog to dog and dog to himself, if need be, to reach his objective and then to return home. Three times he was compelled to resort to that method to save his life. Nansen later adopted Peary's plan in his memorable retreat from 86° 14' in 1895 when the dogs served as food for their team mates; Nansen and his companion Johansen ate the last two.

The endurance of the Eskimo dog is remarkable; its ability to push on for days without food is astonishing. We have often covered fifty or sixty miles in a day, and at one time one hundred miles, stopping twice only to untangle traces, about five minutes each time. On two different occasions my dogs traveled five or six days without receiving an ounce of food. How they are able to keep going for days, living on air alone, was hard for us to understand. Direct descendants of the northern white wolf, they have inherited his stamina in the fullest measure. That, coupled with intelligence acquired by long contact with man, makes the Eskimo dog a most valuable servant to the Arctic traveler. His help in hunting polar bears, musk oxen, caribou, wolves and seals is indispensable.

The most prosperous Eskimo in the north is the man with the largest and finest team

The most prosperous Eskimo in the north is the man with the largest and finest team of dogs



of dogs. His position is secure because he is a good hunter and has plenty of meat for his dogs, and he is a good hunter because he has able assistants in his dogs. They enable him to go far afield, to follow the tracks of the polar bear for miles, to hunt for seal holes, to visit the edge of the fast ice for walruses twenty and thirty miles away—in short to do what no man on foot can possibly do. The Eskimo dog is of invaluable service in the chase, for he will smell a seal, a polar bear, a caribou or a musk ox long before the sharpest eyes can detect them and will carry his master unerringly toward the game, which often means life for the wife and the little ones back in the snow house. Meat is generally cached where it is killed; all through the long winter night the dogs are employed in visiting the caches and keeping the igloo well stocked with food.

One other service of the Eskimo dog, denied the reindeer or pony as a northern draft animal, is that of protecting his master when asleep. Both wolves and polar bears have attacked and eaten men in the north on several occasions.

For traveling over the rough ice of the polar sea the Eskimo dog is the best animal to use. One other would be better if it could be trained, the polar bear. I have experimented with polar bears for weeks and have often driven my pet bear in a sledge, but he always went where he wanted to go, never where I did!

The Eskimo dog remains today the best

draft animal of the north—a protector, a servant and a companion of man. He has stood at the ends of the earth, with Peary at the North Pole and Amundsen at the South Pole. What little exploration some of us have done is owing to our dogs. They stand uppermost in our minds when our thoughts go back to the trail, to the big hills and the glaciers of Ellesmere Land, to the long climb to the summit and the mad dash down the western slope into Bay Fiord, a land of white wolves, polar bears and musk oxen. How our dogs enjoyed the run, and how they wagged their tails and thanked us in their way upon receiving huge chunks of rich red meat! And then came the long journey homeward when we were both a bit weary. But work was over; summer had come. The air was filled with birds; the land was dotted with flowers. Our dogs rested beside a babbling brook, stretched out in the warm sun, rising only to be petted, to rub their great heads against our bearskin and sealskin trousers and with uplifted heads to utter that musical and far-reaching howl characteristic of their wolfish ancestors.

And then came the parting. Sitting on their haunches, cocking their ears and twisting their heads, they watched us loading our boats and wondered whether we were really going away without them. Looking backward over the stern of the ship, we saw the white dots on the dark background grow smaller until finally they merged into the landscape and were gone—good friends all!

A WILD CHICKEN CHASE

By Ina Agnes Poole



IRENE GEARY stopped puzzling over the road map when the group of evergreen trees came in sight at the end of the winding country road. Her father had often told her about the giant evergreens that towered above Aunt Ellen's house; so she knew that she was nearing the end of her journey. She drove on confidently, and a minute later the little brown cottage with its sloping roof came into sight. The yard was inclosed with a white picket fence, and the front porch was shaded with a flowering trumpet vine.

"It's just as I thought it would be," Irene mused as she stopped the roadster beside the big stone that in the days of horses and carriages had served as a stepping block.

An old tan-and-white collie trotted out of the front gate, and close at his heels came a little old woman in a sunbonnet, whom Irene knew to be her Great-Aunt Ellen.

"I thought it was—Are you Irene? Why, where is your pa?" Miss Ellen asked as Irene came toward her.

"Father found out at the last minute that he couldn't come until Saturday," Irene said as she stooped and kissed the little old woman. "The doctors are holding a tuberculosis clinic at Belverton tomorrow. Father hasn't opened up his office yet, but the doctors heard that he had been especially interested in that kind of work in Indiana, and they asked him to attend. So he came as far as Belverton with me, and I drove the rest of the way alone."

Aunt Ellen looked at Irene admiringly. "It's a big ten miles from here to Belverton. Just to think that you drove all that way alone! You must be all petered out."

Irene repressed a smile; Aunt Ellen was an old dear! "I'm not a bit tired, but I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me my suitcase; you must not carry it."

Aunt Ellen reluctantly let go the heavy suitcase, which she had eagerly seized, and Irene followed her into the house. The living room with its braided rugs and red geraniums was a pleasant place; the kitchen and the two bedrooms opened off the living room. All the rooms agreed with her father's description of them, but Aunt Ellen most assuredly did not.

Dr. Geary had said that his aunt was eighty-one or eighty-two years old, he had forgotten which. So Irene had expected to find her a feeble old woman. With frank astonishment she watched her aunt as she



"Go faster!" ordered the woman with the gun

put the supper on the table; she stepped about as light as a girl!

"Now you set still and rest," Aunt Ellen said after they had eaten supper. "I haven't a thing to do but these few dishes besides milking the cow and setting the bread. Then we can have a nice long visit; that is, if you aren't feeling too tired."

"Do you keep a cow?" Irene asked in amazement.

"Most certainly. You don't catch me eating creamery butter," Aunt Ellen replied with decision.

"Don't you ever get lonesome way out here in the country?"

Miss Ellen's face grew sad for a minute. "Of course sister and I lived here together until she was took with pneumonia last spring. But Davy—that's Hen Smith's oldest—stays with me every night. He's a lot of company, that little fellow is, and real comical. I didn't tell him not to come tonight because I wanted you to see him."

"Did you ever think of moving to town?"

Aunt Ellen threw up her hands in deprecation. "What would I want to move to town for? Can you tell me? I should get stiff sitting around like the city ladies. Besides, what should I do without my fresh eggs and butter? Here comes Davy now. I'll bet his eyes'll open when he sees that I've got company!"

After Irene had gone to bed in the room next to her aunt's she considered the plan that she and her father hoped to carry out before winter set in. Irene's mother had died a few months before, and Dr. Geary had decided that he and Irene would move to the town in which he had spent his boyhood; Irene, who had graduated from high school that spring, could attend the college there. The only relatives who were left in the doctor's formerly large family were several cousins who lived in the college town and this aunt in the adjoining county. Dr. Geary had learned through letters from the old lady that she was living all alone since her sister had died.

"That's no way for an eighty-year-old woman to live!" he had said. "She might get sick in the night. As soon as we are settled we'll drive over to see her, help her close her house and bring her home with us. You'll like to have her, I'm sure, Irene."

That is how it happened that one day before college opened in September Irene went to visit her great-aunt whom she had never seen. Aunt Ellen had been warned by letter of the impending visit, but she did not know that there was a special reason behind it.

"Aunt Ellen's too old to live here all alone," Irene thought as she lay there in the darkness. "She may not want to go, but father can persuade her. We'll love to have her with us. It's so lonesome since mother died. Just think of the things that might happen to Aunt Ellen even if David does stay all night with her! Burglars might come. What good would a seven-year-old boy be then?"

With wild fancies of burglars who, entering the house through the cellar window, gagged Aunt Ellen and little David and escaped with the silver teapot, Irene went to sleep. She was suddenly startled awake by a terrific explosion that seemed close at hand.

Irene sat upright in bed. That was a gun!

until the sounds of the clumsy-footed flight grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Mebbe Ted was chasin' the black calf," David suggested.

"Black calf!" Miss Ellen exclaimed contemptuously. "Sh, there! What did I tell you?" They listened breathlessly. This time through the quiet of the night came the beat of a horse's hoofs and the clatter of a buggy as it was being jerked madly along the road.

"No black calf ever went ridin' in a buggy at night!" Miss Ellen said with a smack of satisfaction. "Get into your clothes, Davy and Irene. We're going to give that chicken thief the chase of his life!"

While the old lady spoke she was lighting her lamp.

Irene looked at her aunt in astonishment. "Why, what—" she began.

"Got lights on your car, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Then we're going to chase Sam Ludwig and make him give back my chickens. I know it's Sam by the rattle of his buggy."

Irene gasped. Her great-aunt, who she and her father thought was too old to keep house alone, wanted to follow a chicken thief along a lonely country road!

The old lady went on. "If there's anything that makes my blood boil, it's having my chickens took year after year. I've always wanted to catch a chicken thief, and now, glory be, I've got the chance!"

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Irene slipped into her clothes and put on her coat. Her aunt was ready before she was; there was a ruffle of white showing below her skirt, and her nightcap was still on her head. But Irene paid no attention to such details.

"Aunt Ellen, this isn't safe for you and David."

Aunt Ellen sniffed. "I know the man I'm follerin'. It's Sam Ludwig, who lives down the road a piece. He's a low-down sneak thief that's afraid of his own shadow. Besides if he should get rambunctious, I've got my gun!" She held out the shotgun.

"What are you going to do with Sam when you catch up to him?"

For the first time Miss Ellen did not have an answer ready on the tip of her tongue.

"Why don't you call up the police and have them catch old Sam?"

"Now that is a good idea. I'll call up Dentler—he's the marshal in town—and tell him to come out on the south road. With us coming from the north old Sam won't have much of a chance to get away. We'll catch him like a rat in a trap. You get out your car while I telephone."

Irene backed her roadster out of the barn, and David, whose eyes were sparkling with excitement, hopped in. Miss Ellen with her shotgun in her hands joined them. Out on the road they went, and the lights of the car made a bright path in the darkness.

"Go faster!" ordered the woman with the gun.

"Go faster!" cried David.

Telephone poles slipped by. Trees loomed up in the darkness. Far across the field glimmered a night lamp; near at hand there was no sign of human habitation.

They came to a crossroad.

"Which way?" Irene asked.

"Straight on," Miss Ellen ordered.

"There's old Sam!" David whispered.

Far ahead on the road, just where the lights of the car touched it, was a dark object. They came nearer and saw that it was a buggy. The back curtain was raised, and framed in the opening was the frightened face of old Sam.

"Being the marshal's coming the other way, we'll just keep back of him, but go close so's I can see if he has my chickens," Miss Ellen whispered as she shoved the barrel of the gun over the door of the car.

Irene let the machine slow down to eight miles an hour, then to seven.

"Slower!"

Six miles an hour—they had overtaken the buggy; five—the car finally was obliged to stop.

"What you want?" the man in the buggy demanded thickly.

Irene suddenly was filled with a fear that turned her hands and feet as cold as ice. Even if her aunt had insisted, she should not have brought her on this wild ride! What if old Sam had a gun? What if her aunt—

The starter buzzed obediently to her touch. The engine started, but before she could back away she was blinded by a light that swept down upon them.

"It's Harve Dentler," David said in a low tone.

A car stopped in the road in front of old Sam's white horse. There were two men in the front seat; one of them, a fat man,

crawled out. "Having a neighborly meeting?" he inquired with a lazy drawl as he looked at Aunt Ellen's gun.

"Sam's been stealing my chickens, and I caught him," she replied calmly.

"I did not! I did not!" Sam shouted wildly.

"Stealing chickens is pretty risky business, if there's a woman around who has a gun," the marshal said as he propped his foot on the hub of the buggy wheel.

"You've got to prove it. Where's the chickens?" Sam said shrewdly.

Dentler looked into the buggy and admitted that there were no chickens there. To satisfy herself Aunt Ellen crawled out of the car and peered in.

"I didn't! I tell you, I—"

"Shut up," the marshal ordered; then he turned to Aunt Ellen. "How do you know that Sam was stealing your chickens?"

"How do I know?" Aunt Ellen snapped angrily. "The chickens squawked, and then I heard Sam running through the oat field after I shot."

"And then we heard the buggy go lickety-split down the road," David added proudly.

"I tell ye I'd been to the fair at Bailey, and I was riding past when the old lady shot. Wouldn't you be skereed and drive pretty fast if you heard a gun go off?" Sam appealed to the marshal.

Dentler grinned and turned to Aunt Ellen apologetically. "I guess we'd better let Sam go. The case isn't clear against him. He doesn't have the chickens. If he had—"

"Even if you're too lazy to look for those chickens, I'm not, Harve Dentler! If I show you the chickens where Sam dropped them, will you put him in jail?"

"Why—er—of course."

"Turn your car round, Irene. You follow us, Harve; and be sure to bring that chicken thief with you."

The officer forced old Sam to tie his horse to a fence post and then to crawl into the back seat of the automobile with him. The two cars went up the road to the little cottage where Aunt Ellen lived. They stopped at the front gate.

"Now where's the chickens?" Dentler demanded shortly.

"In that field," Aunt Ellen pointed across the fence to the field where she had heard strange sounds that night.

Harve Dentler was noted for enforcing the law with a weak hand. Besides he did not enjoy being ordered about by an old woman. "We can't carry a lantern all over a twenty-acre field looking for a couple of miserable hens that probably aren't there," he said in a plaintive voice.

"'Twould be slow work with a lantern, but your car makes a good strong light," Aunt Ellen said thoughtfully.

The man who drove the marshal's car then spoke for the first time. "I don't want to blow out all my tires driving over that field on a wild-goose chase."

"Seems to me this is a chicken chase. But you don't need to go. Irene will; she's got more nerve than some men I know."

Under the generalship of the old lady Dentler stood on the running board of the roadster, and Irene drove through the big gate into the oat field.

"Go that way," Miss Ellen ordered.

"Are there any ditches?"

"None to speak of. If you drive slow, they won't jolt Harve loose. Anyway he won't have far to fall," Aunt Ellen added cheerfully.

Down the field Irene drove and back again, but no chickens were to be found. They came back to the place from which they had started.

"Didn't find them, did ye?" old Sam shouted exultantly from the other car.

"Not yet," Aunt Ellen admitted. "Turn round, Irene, and go—Whoa! There they are!"

Half a dozen spring chickens were huddled together on the ground near by. They blinked sleepily. Then one doughty rooster stretched out his wings and crowed lustily.

With triumph in her voice Aunt Ellen turned to the marshal. "Anyone that's got a mite of sense knows that it ain't the nature of chickens to sleep in the middle of a field. Sam dropped them here because he was afraid to take them along. Besides—"

She had climbed out of the roadster. Now she darted forward and picked up something that lay a half dozen feet from the chickens; it was a man's hat. "Now you got to admit, Harve Dentler, that you didn't come on a wild chicken chase!"

The officer laughed good-naturedly. Then he turned to old Sam, who had slunk into a

frightened heap on the car seat. "I guess you're in for a session at the county jail."

"Now there's no need for you to get up in the morning until you're good and rested," Miss Ellen said while she and her niece were undressing for the second time that night. "I don't know what you think about it, but I claim that we've had a mighty interesting—"

She stopped and put her hand up to her nightcap, which was slightly askew. "You don't mean to tell me, niece, that you let me chase a chicken thief in my nightcap!"

Irene laughed merrily. "I guess I did. But, cap or no cap, you caught a chicken thief, and that's more than I expect to do when I'm eighty-one years old."

"Eighty-two last month. But land, that was nothing! I've shot many a crow in my day; that's what I keep the gun for. But it's the first time I ever caught one without any feathers! I'll bet no one will bother my chickens next year!"

Irene was falling into a doze when she heard her aunt say softly, "Irene!"

She opened her eyes, and there stood Miss Ellen with a lamp in her hand.

"You awake?"

"Yes."

"I'll talk low so Davy won't hear me; he's sleeping like a log already out there on the lounge. I wanted to tell you that you'll have to get up early after all, about five or a little after. It just occurred to me that there's a fifty-dollar reward in this state for catching a chicken thief. I want to get in town good and early and claim it. I'm not going to let that lazy Harve Dentler have that fifty dollars. Not that I'm in need of the money; I'm going to give it to Davy; it's his by rights. He heard the chickens squawk and woke me up."

After her aunt had gone to bed Irene lay awake planning the letter that she was going to write to her father in the morning: "When you come Saturday don't breathe a word to Aunt Ellen that you think she is too old to live alone. A woman who can catch a chicken thief is able to take care of herself!"

Four or five soldiers carrying carbines were lounging about, and no sooner were their officers gone than they rushed in and began hastily searching first Hughes, then Craig and afterwards Farrar. It was useless to resist. One of them found Craig's last gold eagle, which he had in a back pocket. With a sly glance to see if his pals were looking the soldier slipped it into his own pocket. One of the other men got Hughes's little watch, which he wore strapped round his arm above the elbow. A third got Farrar's pocket-knife.

The same fellow who had stolen the coin felt one of the little packages of platinum grains sewed inside the lining of Craig's blouse. After feeling it suspiciously for a moment, the soldier cut it out with his knife and opened it. But evidently he had no knowledge of platinum; noticing his puzzled looks, Craig mischievously pointed to his mouth as if to indicate that the stuff was medicine to be taken internally. After touching his tongue to it, the fellow threw it down in disgust.

The soldiers next seized the two hand bags, which Craig and Hughes were holding between their feet. But again the dirty turnips proved to be a shrewd blind. As two of the soldiers began pouring them out on the floor Craig indicated by signs that they were their food supply. The stress of famine made the explanation seem reasonable enough, and after assuring themselves that the bags contained nothing else the soldiers kicked them away.

Hoping that the gold coin had put him into good humor, Craig turned to the soldier who had stolen it and asked him to bring food. The fellow regarded them callously at first; then, noticing the pinched looks of the children, he went out and presently returned with two loaves of black bread. He also brought them a large crock of water and a kerosene lantern.

"I could have shed tears," Craig afterwards said, "to see those half-famished children devour that dry, black bread and drink that water!"

As a matter of fact the boy and girl were tired out; Ned fell asleep while he was chewing his crust.

The soldiers were now outside the door playing at some game like quoits. They continued to play until evening, when the officer returned.

"I have received instructions," he said to Craig and Hughes. "You will remain here until noon tomorrow. Then by train you will go to Moscow. Your case will be examined there."

Moscow! It was like a word of doom.

The officer returned their passports and bade them a curt good night. He had turned to go out when Craig reminded him of his promise to send food. "Ah, your food!" he said impatiently. "I will see."

The Americans supposed he would not trouble himself about it, but a quarter of an hour later a servant came in with a broad wooden tray on which were set four bowls of some sort of soup, three loaves of bread, some salt and a pound can of grease. The soup they swallowed; the bread they broke up and stored away in their pockets; but the grease was too much either for American or for English stomachs! They set it far away under one of the wooden benches round the sides of the room.

Beckwith and Hughes knew what would happen if they were taken to Moscow and the platinum were discovered. For a while they thought seriously of hiding the hand bags under a bench and leaving them there when they were conducted to the train next day. Finally they lay down on the benches and fell asleep.

About midnight a commotion outside roused them; they heard shouting and the noise of people running past. Going to the door, Hughes saw the glare of flames. What appeared to be warehouses were burning at a little distance up the street. The soldiers who had been on guard outside had gone, apparently to watch the fire or to assist in extinguishing it. No one else was about.

"Do you think we could get away?" Hughes whispered.

Craig ran out and looked down the street past the barracks in the direction of the river; then he rushed back. "I think we might!" he exclaimed. "It's a chance. Let's take it! Come on, Farrar!"

They waked the children softly. Hughes took Ned, and Craig took Mollie. "Cling tight round our necks," they said to them; then, grabbing each a hand bag, they stole forth and ran down one of the darkest streets toward the river front.

PRECIOUS PLATINUM

By C.A. Stephens

Chapter Six. Count Muriev

AS many as two thousand famine sufferers, who had come that day to Saratov for the wheat from America, were huddled in and about the barracks, awaiting examination by the doctors and by the Red officials. All the while too numbers of the late acquaintances of Beckwith and Hughes on the stranded old bark were joyfully pointing them out as Americans; and as fast as the rumor spread other joyous voices took up the cry. Truly there is such a thing as too much public admiration!

Our fellow countrymen heard the shouts of "Armericoni!" with uneasy forebodings. Several times they saw the Reds glancing curiously at them; and when at last it came their turn and the doctor had passed them a young Bolshevik cadet who spoke English with an accent approached and said brusquely, "It is then that you are of America?"

"Yes, we are Americans," replied Craig.

"Then I shall see your passports."

Beckwith and Hughes produced them, and the officer scrutinized the two papers attentively. "For what reason did you come to Russia?" he asked.

Craig related the facts of their going to Baku, then to Astrakan and afterwards to Ekaterinburg, where they had worked on the Demidov estate. He said nothing of their inventions or of the terms under which they had worked.

"Why did you come away? Why are you trying to leave Russia?" the officer asked. Meanwhile two other soviet officers had approached with several soldiers.

"Because after our employer left we were robbed and ordered to go on working without food or wages," Craig replied.

The officer laughed. "But why are you disguised as peasants? If you wished to leave Russia, why did you not go to Moscow, present your passports and ask for safe-conduct?"

"Because we feared to be imprisoned, as we have heard that other Americans have been," Craig answered.

The officer laughed again and then asked about Farrar and the children.

"He is a British subject," Craig explained. "He has worked on the Demidov estate twenty years. He is disabled and his wife has died. He now wishes to return to England with his children."

"Why does he wish to go by way of Astrakan and not by the shorter route?"

"Because he wants to go with us," replied Craig, "and we want to go by way of Astrakan and Baku because we have an American friend there, engaged in the oil business, who will assist us on our way home."

"Very good; you have much explained," the young Bolshevik remarked with an ironic smile. "I shall report to Moscow by wire, and your case will be considered. You will have to remain at Saratov for now."

"But we are hungry! These children are half starved. May we not go to the Red Cross kitchens for food?"

"That is impossible," the fellow replied. "I shall see you be fed," he added. "Very soon food will come to you."

The refugees were then taken to a small low building adjoining the barracks and were placed in a room opening directly off the street. "You are to remain; you are under arrest," the young Red explained with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders. Then he and the other officers went away.

He saw a man, a truly remarkable person, standing quite still on the rocks



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER

The night was black, and few lights showed in the windows. They reached the wharves and found the plank walk leading out across the shoals to the long sand bar where they had landed. To hush the clatter of their feet on the planks they slipped off their boots and carried them in their hands. At that hour not a person was astir on the walk, but up in the town they could hear shouting and see the glare of the fire. Coming to where the barks and the other craft were moored, they looked round for their boat. It was not where they had left it. Some one no doubt had stolen it with all there was in it, including their stock of tea, their sugar, their salt, their blankets and also the gun, one barrel of which contained some of the platinum.

While Farrar waited with the children Craig ran up along the bar several hundred yards, looking everywhere for the boat, and Hughes went the other way. But neither could find it. When they joined the others they were at a loss what to do. Haste was imperative; at any moment the soldiers might pursue them.

Finally they determined to take a leaky old skiff, partly filled with water, that Hughes

boat; it was an old tin pail that would hold perhaps four quarts. "Maybe we could make soup in it," he said, "if those bloomin' rascals have left us a match for a fire."

Hughes alone had his box of matches. But would they dare light a fire? Some one might see the smoke and betray their whereabouts to soldiers out looking for them. Finally, however, they decided to risk it. Craig went back to the boat to fetch the bailer, and while he was gone Hughes and Farrar collected dry sticks and kindled a fire close under the overhang of the ledges.

When Craig came back they cleaned the bailer, filled it with water to boil and afterwards threw in two or three pounds of the turtle's flesh sliced thin. The meat was tough; evidently the turtle was old. Two hours' boiling did not help it much, and they continued collecting firewood and keeping their improvised pot at a boil until late in the afternoon. By that time they had about two quarts of nutritious soup, though without salt it was not very palatable. The children, however, appeared not to miss the salt nearly so much as Beckwith and Hughes missed it; they drank heartily of the liquid and afterwards chewed strips of the boiled meat as if they had liked it.

The sun had now gone behind the wooded crags above the pool, and they were eager to be moving on; but because of their vigils the previous night they were all pretty tired and so decided to catch a nap before starting. Farrar and the children lay down on the dry leaves at the foot of the rocks, and Hughes soon followed their example. Craig, however, wishing on second thought to save what was left of the turtle and take it with them, went along the base of the crags to cut birchen withes with which to truss it up in the shell. Chancing to glance up while thus employed, he saw a man, a truly remarkable person, standing quite still on the rocks above him, watching his movements. He certainly was not a Red, for he wore a huge white woolen burnoose not unlike that of a sheik. His head and beard too were white, and his face was so ashen as to make him appear ghostly. He stood there so still, so motionless, and his attitude was so much that of a grand personage, that Craig exclaimed in English, "I beg your pardon, sir! Am I trespassing here?"

Of course, he thought, the fellow would not understand him, but to his astonishment the strange personage replied in faultless English, "Do not let me startle you. Are you an Englishman?"

"I am an American," Craig replied and stopped short, aware that perhaps he had acted foolishly in betraying his nationality. But it was too late now to retreat. "I am trying to escape from Russia," he added boldly.

"You are trying to escape from the ruffians who now rule us at Moscow?" the man asked.

At that moment Hughes, who had heard voices, appeared, fish knife in hand, to aid Beckwith if necessary. Seeing the immense figure in white looming above him, he stopped short and stared. Craig reassured his comrade with a wave of his hand and went on to explain who they were and to mention the dire straits into which they had fallen.

"I inferred as much," the man remarked. "I have been observing you for some time. I see that you have been forced to eat an old friend of mine. That turtle was an ancient inhabitant of the pool below this little cataract. He has lived there ever since I was a young man—fifty years. I named him Caesar. But now, like Brutus and Cassius, you have assassinated Caesar, yea, and eaten him!"

Whether the man was speaking in humorous vein was not clear, for he did not once smile. "I am sincerely sorry, sir," Craig made haste to say. "Our need was great. But had we known he was a friend of yours we would certainly have hesitated."

"Never mind," was the reply. "These are evil times. We are driven to strange, hard expedients to prolong our wretched lives! Why we still struggle to prolong them I know not, but struggle we do. I am now little more than a fugitive and an exile myself, but, if you will go with me, I can offer you better food than turtles and perhaps can aid you otherwise. America I have never seen," he added after a long pause, "but I was once a student for two years at Oxford, in England."

It was in such odd circumstances that our fellow countrymen made the acquaintance of Count Sergius Muriev, geologist, astronomer and man of letters, once the titled proprietor of a great estate, but at that time a hunted fugitive living in outhouses and caves on the borders of his former property.

TO BE CONTINUED.



had seen. The boat contained a pair of oars and a tin for bailing and had a fish knife sticking in the gunwale. They emptied out the water, threw in the bags and, jumping in after them, shoved out on the river. They took turns at rowing and at bailing. The current, slow though it was, helped them, and before the day dawned they had succeeded in leaving Saratov fourteen or fifteen miles behind.

As it began to grow light they put in at the mouth of a little tributary stream, and, coming presently to an open meadow where hay had been stacked, they landed, drew the skiff up among the bushes and covered it with armfuls of the hay.

Afterwards, feeling insecure so near the Volga, they took the hand bags and went up the smaller stream to where they saw a forest; they would hide there during the day and go on again at night.

Owing to the drought the tributary was little more than a succession of pools connected by rills. At last they came to craggy ledges where there were falls, now nearly dry, directly below which lay a deep, wide pool. There they sat down on the rocks and ate their black bread.

There seemed to be fish in the pool, for a kingfisher was flying round it; but their hooks and lines had gone with the sailboat. As they sat there a large turtle rose in the water and, swimming to a flat rock on the far side, waddled out to enjoy the warm sunshine.

"Wallace, are turtles edible?" Craig asked at last.

"That's what I was wondering," Hughes replied.

"I'm going to try to catch that fellow," Craig said presently.

He took off his boots and went barefoot down the bank and round the foot of the pool; then, circling, he came slowly up on the other side, keeping a good way back from the water. Finally when he was behind the place where the turtle was lying he stole up toward the creature foot by foot till within a few yards; then making a sudden rush, he seized it by its stubby tail. The turtle struggled vigorously. It was heavy and strong, but Craig bore it back forty or fifty feet from the water where a log lay, and Hughes, who had brought along the knife from the boat, with a single dexterous stroke succeeded in decapitating it.

Now the question was how to cook the turtle. They had no pan or dish of any sort. At last Farrar thought of the bailer in the

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN KIMBALL



Francis Parkman

FACT AND COMMENT

COMMON SENSE is the faculty of getting things about right without asking more than a dozen unnecessary questions.

The Boldest Farmer heeds the Cautious Rule
To stand Behind the Bull, Before the Mule.

A MID-WESTERN PAPER reports one of the most "vicious circles" we have chanced to read about. A young man worked hard, saved his money and bought a house. Then he and his wife decided to buy an automobile. They mortgaged the house to buy the automobile and lately had to mortgage the automobile to pay the interest on the mortgage on the house. That spiral truly winds to a tight place.

"GAS CONCRETE," the invention of a Swedish architect, is made of cement, slate-lime and a secret substance that causes the water, when added, to generate a gas that "raises" the mixture as yeast "raises" dough. The concrete hardens into a pumicelike substance that is not much heavier than wood. The great porosity of gas concrete makes it an excellent insulating material. Frost and moisture do not injure it, and an eight-inch wall of it has proved to be of sufficient thickness for the Swedish climate.

IT IS INTERESTING to observe that the great English manufacturers of aeroplanes are giving much attention to designing and building light machines; that is, machines with engines of less than ten-horse power. One of the leading manufacturers recently said that such machines can be produced for less than £100 (now about \$450) and that the cost of maintaining and running them will be small. They are easy to pilot, climb well, can take off from an ordinary field and land on it at very low speed and require little shed room.

A THRIFT SHOP is merely an old-fashioned "rummage sale" put upon a permanent basis and organized to keep the community attics and dark closets well combed of their superfluous articles. It does not take a large town to support one thrift shop. Poor people are not the only ones interested in picking up bargains, especially when the shop is devoid of the more objectionable characteristics of a secondhand store and the customers realize that the proceeds of the sales go toward some worthy object. Thrift shops in several small Eastern cities have been successful.

CUT PRICES ON PRESENT TYPES of radio receiving apparatus are generally regarded as forecasting greatly simplified and improved receiving sets. One prominent inventor is said not long ago to have walked into the office of one of the large electrical manufacturing plants carrying a small box, which he set down on an official's desk. Upon his turning a button music became clearly audible to everyone present. The little box contained a simplified receiving set, including the aerial, and the invention so impressed the officials that they made arrangements at once to manufacture it.

JUST HOW BIG A CITY can grow has long been a subject of speculation. Some persons think that the metropolitan area of New York City will eventually have a population of twenty or twenty-five million people. But the census figures of the County of London

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

October 25, 1923

show that in the years from 1911 to 1921 inclusive the rate of increase in London was only 3.2 per cent, whereas the rate of increase in the rest of the country was five per cent. They show too that in those years there was an actual migration from London of 320,000 and that for the first time in centuries there is a decided tendency of humanity away from the metropolis. Perhaps Greater London with 7,500,000 has about reached the limit of its growth.

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AN HEROIC HISTORIAN

ONE hundred years ago there was born in Boston a man who became, as we believe, the greatest of American historians and one of the five or six great historical writers of the world. No American who has not read the eight volumes in which Francis Parkman told the story of the struggle of France and England in the New World has any true notion of the dimensions or of the significance of the struggle, out of which issued two great nations—Canada and the United States; nor has he any idea of the vigor and charm that a great historian can impart to an historical narrative. Romance is implicit in the wars of the French and English pioneers with each other and with the Indians; but it is romance that many a dry-as-dust historian successfully keeps from his pages. Parkman's distinction is that he produced a work both scholarly and delightful. Everything is carefully documented, as a result of painful and thorough research. The thing is so accurate and so complete that it left little for succeeding scholars to do; yet the books are as fascinating and as full of movement and color as a novel. Parkman's achievement is a remarkable triumph of the intellect and the imagination united—a work of genius.

It was a triumph too over obstacles and discouragements that would have broken the spirit of almost any other man. Delicate in health from his birth, he had hardly begun the task that he had set himself when his nerves and eyes gave out together. For years he was virtually blind and could open his eyes only in a darkened room. But he had books and documents read aloud to him, and he invented a contrivance that enabled him to write and make notes legibly with his eyes closed. Nevertheless, most of his material he had to carry in his memory, because he could not consult the notes that he had made. Much of the time he was so frail nervously that he could work for only a half hour a day. For a long time composition proceeded at the rate of six lines in every twenty-four hours.

But he never faltered. Every minute that he could use eye or brain he used them. When he was strong enough to travel he visited the places where he could consult the original documents that he needed in his work; when he was not he had them copied and sent to him. The labor of collecting, examining and digesting the mass of manuscript material, in French as well as English, would have been heavy for a strong, well man; for such a harassed invalid as Parkman it was appalling. His great work was literally the labor of a lifetime, for he began the *Conspiracy of Pontiac* when he was twenty-five and did not publish *A Half Century of Conflict* until he was almost seventy.

A remarkable man and a remarkable life! In strength of will, tenacity, moral courage, Francis Parkman was the peer of any of the wilderness heroes of whom he wrote and the superior of most of them. It was only physical strength that he lacked, and his example shows how unessential physical strength is to great achievement when the spirit is equal to the task.

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THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

ONCE in a blue moon the calm of the school classroom is disturbed by the entrance of a stranger—usually a portly gentleman of affairs, who converses affably with the teacher, and who lets his eye wander to a certain seat, associated with the mental torments of his boyhood, now happily past. For he once sat where that freckle-faced, towse-headed boy now sits, and he is renewing his acquaintance with his old teacher.

Incidents of the kind perhaps spread the tradition in school and out that a school-teacher is one vowed to a life of obscure celibacy, and that, once she has entered upon

the profession of teaching, she is bound to continue it as long as her natural force remains unabated, teaching generation after generation, even to the grandchildren of those whose destinies she helped to shape in her blooming youth, ages ago.

The reason for that notion is, perhaps, that the years of our pupilage are long, long years. The teachers whom we found in school when we entered in knickerbockers remain when we depart, seeming to be as definite fixtures as the desks and the blackboards.

And yet, if we stop to think about it, we must realize that the ranks of the teachers are constantly shifting. At the beginning of every fall term fresh, eager faces flit through the corridors, to take the places of others who will be seen there no more. Some marry, some go on to positions of greater authority in other spheres of education; but few of them touch romance so nearly as the teacher who in a few brief years has passed from the classroom to the White House, to become the "First Lady of the Land." Mrs. Coolidge is apparently the first school-teacher to enter the White House at her husband's side, though other school-teachers have lived there, among them Rose Cleveland, who undertook the care of her brother's household during his first years in the presidency. And many have become the wives of Cabinet officers and governors and other men high in public service.

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VISTAS

NEARLY all of us have favorite vistas—places in country or city that as often as we come upon them have the power of arresting our eyes and momentarily at least stopping or diverting the current of our thoughts. It may be a bend in a river seen through a fringe of trees; it may be the upward slope of a stately avenue, with some fine building that focuses our gaze at the summit; it may be an interval of meadow and orchard or a bit of city park with formal plantations of trees and shrubs and flowers. Whether we live in city or in country, there is pretty sure to be some place that possesses a special attraction for our eyes and that better than any other place in the neighborhood satisfies our taste.

Have we not mental vistas that similarly satisfy and refresh us? They may be views in retrospect or visions of the future, according to our age and temperament; we find that when some suggestion or occurrence brings before our minds certain pictures from the past or certain possible prospects we linger over them contentedly.

But, although it does us good sometimes to open our eyes and our minds to the pleasant views of life, we must not get into the habit of running away to them from the more unattractive realities that immediately confront us. We must always retain the power to close at will the door on even the most inviting vista. If we relax too often or for too long periods in the enjoyment of pleasant scenes and alluring memories and fancies, we may find that we have surrendered the ability to cope with the problems that life never ceases to insist upon presenting to us.

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EXIT THE EMPEROR—ENTER THE DICTATOR

THE war that was to make the world "safe for democracy" cast down a number of emperors and kings from their thrones, but seems to have had little effect in discouraging dictatorships or oligarchies. Since the revolution in Russia—which, whatever may be said of it, was no triumph of democracy—there have been *coups d'état* in at least three different European countries, and in each instance a government founded on the real or apparent support of a popularly-chosen parliament has gone down before vigorous and determined revolutionaries. Mussolini in Italy, Primo Rivera in Spain and Zankoff in Bulgaria rule today because they and their partisans seized the power by force. It is significant that in every case the king, the constitutional chief of the state, has hastened to ally himself with the new dictator and has regularized the situation by appointing him to the premiership. Only in Bulgaria, politically the least advanced of the three countries, has there been serious popular protest against the military régime.

The *coups d'état* have succeeded because their leaders express in their personalities the eager spirit of nationalism that the war

created. The governments that they overthrew lacked the energy, the singleness of purpose, the self-assertion that the people looked for. They suffered from the weakness of all parliamentary governments the power and responsibility of which are widely distributed. The moment came when the people began to think lightly of the hard-won measure of political liberty that they had achieved and desired a stricter internal discipline, a more efficient administration, a higher national prestige. Then a dictator like Mussolini could talk of marching to power over the "more or less decomposed body of liberty."

It is clear enough that in the countries where the dictator has appeared he is welcomed as a reformer of the abuses that have crept in under parliamentarism and as a strong-armed restorer of order and security. If we could be sure that he was only a temporary manifestation, we could regard him tolerantly; the danger is that he will try to make reaction permanent. Popular liberty is more easily lost than won. It is no trouble to resign it, but it takes a great deal of trouble to get it back. It may even be that in those southern European countries there will be no great effort to get it back. What we of Great Britain and America mean by political liberty is not a growth native to those regions and may not be highly valued there.

But if reaction has come to stay, we must understand that its influence on international relations will not be for good even if internal administration is improved. A successful dictator, governing in the name of the king, with an awakened and perhaps exaggerated national sentiment behind him, has quite as much actual power as any of the dethroned emperors had and probably quite as much reason for wishing to settle the quarrels of his nation with its neighbors by force of arms. We have only to observe Signor Mussolini's behavior to learn that a dictator can be exceedingly efficient at home without being in the least pacific abroad.

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A RESTORED MONUMENT

MORE than eight centuries ago William Rufus, son of the Norman conqueror of England, built for the royal palace at Westminster a great hall, which still stands and which is one of the chief glories of Norman architecture. Three centuries later, at the command of a Plantagenet king, Richard II, the old roof disappeared and a new roof sprang up in its place, perhaps the most beautiful example of timber-work in existence. The period was that in which the pointed, or Gothic, architecture was richest and most lovely, and in which the mediæval workmen in stone and timber had the most perfect command of their materials. The roof of Westminster Hall is one of the architectural marvels of the world. No one who has seen it can ever forget the beauty of its soaring arches and the charm of its exquisite oaken tracery. Even in photographs the wonderful roof makes an impression that abides.

The hall is also remarkable for its historic associations. After the old palace at Westminster was abandoned this hall became the seat of the highest law courts of the kingdom. In it occurred the famous impeachment trial of Warren Hastings, governor-general of India, and the no less historic trial of the Seven Bishops who refused to yield to the extravagant pretension of King James II as head of the English Church. Here William Wallace, the Scottish hero, was tried and condemned to death; and so were Sir Thomas More, the learned and saintly chancellor of Henry VIII; Guy Fawkes of the Gunpowder Plot; the Earl of Essex and Lord Strafford, King Charles's minister of state. Here too Strafford's master, King Charles I, was tried, and here sentence of death was pronounced upon him. In this hall Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector, and in it the bodies of Mr. Gladstone and King Edward VII lay in state.

Eight years ago all England was shocked to learn that the beautiful roof of the historic hall was in danger of falling. The mediæval timber workers who erected it were not to blame. Structurally the great roof was as strong as ever, but many of the timbers had been honeycombed by the larvae of the little "deathwatch" beetle until they were almost ready to break down. The "deathwatch" is a tiny creature that lives in woodwork and feeds upon it. It is a curious coincidence that this little insect, whose progress through beams or walls is accompanied by a faint ticking sound that

superstition long ago imagined to be a warning of approaching death, should create so much destruction in a hall where so many great and distinguished men have been condemned to die.

As soon as the ravages of the beetle were discovered the hall was closed and the work of repair began. It was impossible to replace the damaged trusses with wooden beams. Steelwork has been used, but so skillfully is the steel concealed in or behind the old timber that the new frame is virtually invisible from the floor. The hall was opened recently, after having been closed to the public for eight years, and it is as beautiful as ever. There is no reason why it should not preserve its beauty for eight centuries more. So long as England lives it will hardly be permitted to fall into decay.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Next Week

THE Companion prints its Announcement Number, in which will be described some of the serials, short stories and articles that it will print during 1924. It is a most attractive list; but please remember in reading it that it contains not one quarter of all the good things the new volume will provide. It is only the fistful of good grain that the farmer brings up when he plunges his hand deep into the sack to test the contents. The whole sack is "No. 1 Northern," and it runs even throughout. Like the grain the contents of The Companion will be sweet and wholesome and uniform in quality. Humor, pathos and stirring or affecting incidents characterize the stories, and clearness, veracity, sound information and sane opinion characterize the articles. For the partial programme for 1924 that we print we ask your friendly consideration.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE investigation of the wreck of seven destroyers off Point Arguello, California, proved that it was the result of human error. The squadron received ample warning of its position from the compass station at Point Arguello, but when the navigators found that the signals did not agree with their dead reckoning they preferred to follow their own figures and ran their ships on the rocks. The commander of the destroyer that led the line admitted frankly that the disaster was the result of an error in judgment, though he added that he thought there were probably unusual conditions either in the magnetic field or in the offshore currents that led the navigators to make the mistake in the dead reckoning.

IN the death of Viscount Morley another and almost the last of the links that connect modern England with the mid-Victorian period has parted. Lord Morley won distinction in two fields—literature and statesmanship. He was a member of many Liberal ministries, as Secretary for Ireland, or for India, or Lord President of the Council, but he will be remembered chiefly for his many delightful studies in history and biography, and especially for his great life of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Morley retired from office in 1914 because he could not bring himself to acquiesce in the policy that engaged Great Britain in the war.

THE race for the Gordon Bennett cup, offered annually for competition by balloonists, was marked by a number of shocking disasters. A severe thunderstorm came up just as the balloons rose from Brussels. At least three balloons were struck by lightning. Two Americans, Lieutenants Olmstead and Shoptaw, were killed when the army balloon S-6 was thus destroyed; the pilot of a Spanish balloon was killed, and two Swiss, flying in the Geneva, were also killed. The officials are generally criticized

for starting the race under such dangerous conditions. A Belgian balloon, the Belgica, piloted by M. Demuyter, finally won the race. It landed in Sweden about six hundred miles from the place of departure.

FOR two weeks recently the people of New York had their accustomed variety of newspaper diet much curtailed. The pressmen in almost all the offices struck because the wage agreement with the publishers had expired and a new one had not been signed. As a result nine morning newspapers joined forces in issuing a little eight-page journal without either editorial articles or advertising, and for days the public had to be satisfied with that. On the whole the public seems to have missed little, since the paper contained all the news that was important, but the advertisers complained that the loss of newspaper publicity was a serious thing for them. The strike was undertaken by the rank and file of the pressmen without the approval of the union officials, and when the men refused to go back the president of the international union revoked the charter of the local union and interested himself to get outside pressmen to go to the help of the distressed newspapers.

THERE can be no more romantic or dangerous journey now possible in the United States than that undertaken by the expedition that has been making surveys and charts of the great cañon of the Colorado for the Geological Survey. It is only about fifty years ago that Maj. John W. Powell and his party made the first passage of the mighty chasm, and few persons have ever attempted to emulate him. The river is subject to sudden and unforeseeable changes of level, and for hundreds of miles it is confined between walls that are often too steep to be scaled if boats are wrecked by flood or rapids. There were at times grave doubts concerning the safety of the present surveying party. The great chasm was discovered by Cardenas, an officer of Coronado, the Spanish governor of Mexico, some three centuries ago; but the difficulties of approach and navigation make much of its length as mysterious and inaccessible now as it was then.

IT is announced that the government has sold the so-called Gorgas steam plant at Muscle Shoals to the Alabama Power Company for \$3,472,487. The sale will oblige Mr. Henry Ford either to revise or to withdraw his offer for the Muscle Shoals plant. He had offered five million dollars for the entire property, including the Gorgas plant. The Secretary of War explained that the sale had to be made under a legal obligation that required the government to remove the steam plant from the land of the Alabama Power Company or sell it to the company. Mr. Ford was notified of the approaching sale and requested an extension of time until his engineers could determine whether the plant was essential to his plans at Muscle Shoals. The power company consented to a brief extension, but when that expired insisted on the sale.

MR. ANDERSON, Member of Congress from Minnesota, urges that tariff rates on Canadian and other imported wheat be raised. That would be helpful to the wheat farmer only in case Congress voted to fix the price of wheat by government support at some such price as \$1.75 a bushel. If that were done,—and a Congressman has just been elected in Washington who made it a chief issue of his campaign,—it would be necessary by means of heavy duties to exclude competing wheat from abroad. So long as market conditions alone control the situation the price of wheat is pretty sure to be fixed by the price of the exportable surplus. There is already a considerable duty on it, yet the price at Chicago fell from a dollar and a quarter to less than a dollar.

RUM-RUNNING across the Canadian border is likely to become still more hazardous in the future. The Canadian government has invited our own government to discuss at Ottawa the best means of co-operating to prevent the smuggling of liquor across the line. Mr. Moss, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is to be our representative at the conference, which will probably end in an agreement that will put the power of the Canadian government behind the campaign against smuggling.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE



When Little Bear Would Be Rich

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

THE SUMMER that Little Bear played with the red squirrels from morning until night he learned at least one of their ways. He began playing with them when they begged him to run races in his own sun-bright clearing. He might have beat them at the game if they had played fair, but that they would not do. The minute after the race started all the young squirrels except the lame one left the ground and went leaping from bush to bush and from tree to tree until they reached the goal far ahead of Little Bear.

They were so funny about it and so full of jokes and tricks that Little Bear could never help laughing, no matter how cross he felt. If he scolded them about it, they scolded back; and they beat him at that too. Every little squirrel had learned to scold at his mother's knee; they did it for fun.

When the squirrel children were mere youngsters, their fathers and mothers were glad to have them play with Little Bear because he kept them out of mischief and out from underfoot. Those were the summer days when the old squirrels worked busily at cutting off the cones of the pine trees for the seeds, which they buried in the earth under the pine needles for use in winter. They explained to Little Bear that in the winter and early spring they would dig up the seeds and eat them.

Over and over and over again the wild-wood birds warned Little Bear not to play with the squirrel folk, and over and over and over again Little Bear warned the squirrel children to keep away from birds' nests or his Father Bear and his Mother Bear would no longer permit them to romp in his sun-bright clearing. Those saucy squirrels used to cross their hands over their hearts and promise to be good to the birds, but they never kept those promises. When Little Bear wasn't looking distracted robins and catbirds and purple finches and many others were always chasing them away from their nests.

Mother Bear didn't like to have Little Bear play so much with the red squirrels, but Father Bear only laughed; he said he didn't believe that Little Bear would copy red squirrel ways.

But for once Father Bear made a mistake. It is true that Little Bear did not learn to say bad words or to tell lies or to steal, but he did learn at least one of the habits of red

squirrels. It came about in this way: When nuts and acorns began to ripen and sour wild apples turned red in the sun the old squirrels told their children that the time had come to stop playing and go to work. They scolded Little Bear because he still wished to play hide and seek and games like that in harvest time.

Little Bear asked Mother Bear to tell him the meaning of harvest time because he didn't understand what the squirrels were talking about. Mother Bear explained that the time when farmers plant seeds of grain in the spring is called seedtime. When the seeds have grown into fields of waving grain, corn or wheat or oats or whatever it may be, and the grain is ripe and ready to be cut and stored away in barns for use in the winter, it is called the harvest, and the time of the year is harvest time.

"Autumn is harvest time for squirrels as well as for farmers," Mother Bear told Little Bear. "Now is the time when squirrels lay up their stores of acorns and nuts for the winter."

At dawn the next morning Little Bear was up and in the forest watching the squirrels at work. He heard the old squirrels tell the little ones exactly how to reach their own hollow trees in the quickest way and how to carry nuts in their mouths. They scolded Little Bear and tried to make him go home; they said that their children had to work. Besides that, they liked to work; it was fun.

Finally the gentle lame squirrel said to Little Bear, "Why aren't you thrifty like us? Why don't you collect nuts?"

"What for?" inquired Little Bear. "Our folks sleep all winter in a snug cave. We do not need any nuts for the winter."

"You could collect nuts and get rich even if you don't need them," said the lame squirrel. "My mother is the richest squirrel in the forest, I guess. She has five storehouses full of nuts that we shall never need, all in secret places. Did you ever hear how I happen to be lame? It was on account of my mother's being so rich. I was poking round when I was little and a whole storehouse of nuts fell on me, and it was a long time before my mother could get me out from under the nuts, legs and all."

"I shouldn't think that you would have to work if your mother is so rich," argued Little Bear.

"Every squirrel has to take care of himself when he is as big as I am," was the reply. "There are no lazy squirrels. I shall never be rich because I am lame and I can't work fast enough, but you could easily get rich, Little Bear. It is a thrifty thing to do."

Straightway Little Bear decided to get rich. He found a hollow tree in his own sun-bright clearing where he had always played so merrily, and in the hollow he began piling hickory nuts, walnuts, butternuts, hazelnuts and acorns. At first he had a jolly time working with the squirrels; he tried to carry nuts in his mouth the way they did, but it made him laugh, and every time he laughed his mouth opened wide and out rolled the nuts. Every time that happened the little squirrels stopped their work to laugh too, which made the old squirrels scold like regular scolding machines. Finally

the lame squirrel told Little Bear that he would never get rich if he laughed while he worked. After that Little Bear worked and worked and worked and didn't laugh any more than he had to.

By night he had a good-sized pile of nuts in his hollow tree. But the next morning there was not a nut left in his collection. The squirrels had stolen every one and thought that it was a joke; they said that they needed the nuts and that he didn't.

In the middle of that forenoon Mother Bear looked out of the window and rubbed her eyes hard because she couldn't believe what her eyes told her. In the front yard beside the garden gate Little Bear was at work bringing nuts from the forest and storing them in great heaps.

"Little Bear, what are you doing?" asked Mother Bear in squirrel tones.

"Getting rich," he answered.

"But we do not eat nuts in the winter," she told him.

"I know it," he answered cheerfully. "I am working to get rich. I am drying blackberries in that corner and drying mushrooms in here, going to make a haystack over there, and down in under —"

"Suppose we have blackberry pie for supper," interrupted Mother Bear. "Those blackberries look delicious."

Little Bear shook his head. "If you please and if you don't mind," said he, "the lame

course he would go fishing; he would catch fish and dry them. The lame squirrel had advised him to make collections of all things good to eat. Little Bear caught only one fish that day, though he worked hard. His paw was as cold as ice from paddling in the water before he gave up and went home. His mother wished to fry the fish for supper; but Little Bear said no; if he wished to get rich he should have to keep all his fish.

Little Bear was so tired that night that he didn't sleep well. The next morning Sally Beaver went by on her way home to the river. She advised him to add branches of trees to his store if he wished to be truly rich; she said that the beavers preferred the good bark of poplar and cottonwood for their winter food.

Little Bear didn't see that his dear neighbor was laughing at him; so he worked and worked until he had such a huge pile of tree branches in the yard that the quail who lived near thought that he was building a winter shelter for them; they were pleased. The muskrats too thought that Little Bear was helping them get ready for the winter, and every night they came from the river and carried away the choicest material they could find for their cabins. They helped themselves to his haystack and his store of lily bulbs and other roots.

As days passed Little Bear acquired great possessions. Father Bear and Mother Bear were astonished at his riches. It made Mother Bear feel sad to look into her own front yard, but Father Bear only laughed and advised her to wait.

Meanwhile Little Bear wouldn't play with any of his friends, and he was so cross that no one liked to have him round.

When his folks went to the annual family picnic at the Bubbling Springs Little Bear couldn't go; he had to stay at home to take care of his riches. The fish instead of drying



Sally Beaver made a speech

squirrel says that if I am going to be thrifty and get rich I can't give away anything and that I must watch my stores and not let things be stolen."

Mother Bear was going right out into the yard then to tell Little Bear what she thought about such selfishness, but Father Bear was hanging to both her apron strings and whispering in loud whispers, "Let him alone! Let him get rich! He will get sick of it if you give him plenty of chance."

Soon after that three young brown bears leaned over the gate and begged Little Bear to come and play rough-and-tumble games with them, but he wouldn't; he said he had to work.

One of the visitors then said, "Well, let's go fishing!"

That gave Little Bear a new idea; of

properly had spoiled, and he had to bury it. He buried the blackberries, too, because they moulded.

He had a miserable morning, one of the worst of his life, and he was lonely. No one came to play with him, and he was rude to Grandfather Beaver, who nibbled at a twig that was sticking through the fence.

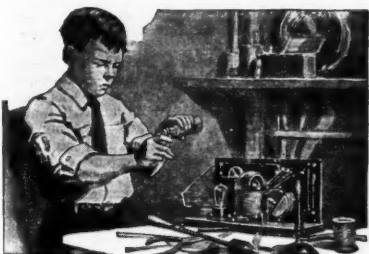
About noon he saw his old friend the lame squirrel limping along as if he were tired and discouraged.

"Good morning, Squirrelly," he called. "Please come over so that I can tell you something I have learned before I get any crosser."

The lame squirrel came; he put both hands over his heart when he saw Little Bear's store of nuts.

"I see that you are rich," said the lame





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squirrel. "You are richer than any squirrel I ever knew. I suppose you are the richest bear in the world."

"Yes, but I have learned that being rich doesn't make me happy. I never even feel like laughing now. What makes you look so sad, Squirrelly; are you rich too?"

"No, I shall probably starve this winter. A lot of boys stole all my nuts, and they robbed my rich mother and all the neighbors, so that we shall all starve before spring."

Up jumped Little Bear. He felt happy for the first time since he had begun getting rich. "Look here, old fellow," he said, "you just help yourself! You may have every nut that I have gathered. I am sick and tired of owning things. I shall never want to be rich again as long as I live! You call your people and come and help yourselves while I take a birch-bark basket full of lily roots to Grandfather Beaver and beg him to come and help himself to anything he wants. You tell all the folk you see, Squirrelly, that they are to come and help themselves to anything they need. Tell 'em it is my party."

"O Little Bear, you are good. I shall call everyone who needs food," answered the lame squirrel. He was so happy he forgot that he was lame and went leaping nimbly toward his winter home in the hollow tree with all the nuts he could carry.

Little Bear never had a happier time in his life than he did that afternoon. He laughed until he was silly over the jokes and performances of his old friends as they helped themselves to his stores. When everything was carried away the visitors cleaned the yard. They thanked Little Bear too for his great surprise party and told him that they should never forget how hard he worked getting ready for such a jolly afternoon.

Grandfather Beaver called him "a fine young cub!" and whacked his head in a hard and friendly fashion. Sally Beaver made a little speech before she went away with her folk and the squirrel families and all the others. She said:

"Many a time when you are having your long winter sleep your friends to whom you have been so kind will think of you in your snug cave, and we shall wish you happy dreams."

When Father Bear and Mother Bear came home Little Bear was swinging on the front gate, singing merrily:

"Ta-de-dum,
Ta-de-dum,
Ta-de-dum, dum, dum."

The minute he saw them he called, "What's for supper?"

"Fresh fish and honey cakes," his mother answered. Then, "Why, what have you done with your riches? The yard looks so homelike and natural!"

"I invited the folk who could use the things to come and get 'em," was the reply. "And there is something queer about it. Everyone was so happy and we had such a good time that at last I feel rich. I haven't anything left, and I feel rich!"

"You are truly rich now," agreed Mother Bear, and she was about to say something more, but Father Bear interrupted her.

"What did I tell you!" he said and pounded his cane hard.

"Let's eat!" suggested Little Bear, and went leaping up the path to the door like a squirrel.

Straightway the Three Bears went in to supper and laughed and joked until the Man in the Moon looked more cheerful than usual when he peeped in at their open window to remind them of bedtime and the coming winter.

THE CHOCOLATE PONY

By Maude Gray Best

FATHER and mother and Pinky and Bluey lived together in the sweetest little house you ever saw. Round it there was a fence with red roses and a gate that opened on a neat brick walk bordered with bright-colored flowers. The house itself was white with green shutters, and the front door had a shiny brass knocker. Pinky was a little girl; Bluey was her twin brother; and they were called Bluey and Pinky because their mother had to dress one of them in blue and the other in pink so that people could tell which was which. On the afternoon of the day before the twins' birthday Pinky was swinging on the gate and feeling lonely, for mother and Bluey had gone to town and father was busy in the back garden.

"Something for Pinky and Bluey!" said the postman.

Suddenly Pinky was holding a fat round box in both hands. She slipped into the house and quickly unwrapped it. There in a pasture of shiny, green paper was a chocolate pony! It looked just like Pinky's own little brown Shetland pony, Lady Jane. Round the pony were all kinds of tiny chocolate animals: a cat, a rabbit, a rooster, a dog, an elephant. There was a card that said: "Happy Birthday to Pinky and Bluey from Aunt Mary."

Pinky could not take her eyes from the chocolate pony. It was fat and chunky and of a warm rich brown. Pinky felt it with the tip of her little right forefinger. It was smooth except for the rough grooves in the tail and mane made to represent hair. Pinky took it out of the box and found that it was not flat on the other side but rounded, and that it could stand up on a little base, as a real pony stands on the ground. Pinky wondered how the chocolate would taste. It certainly looked good. She took a wee nibble from one of the perky little ears, hardly more than touching it with her tongue. That made her want more; so she bit off the whole ear and then the other one. Pinky found that she was hungry. Before she knew it the long, crinkly-looking tail had disappeared. Pinky ate the feet next, then the head, and in no time all that was left of the chocolate pony was its little round tummy.

Pinky gasped. The card had said, "For Pinky and Bluey." Half of that pony belonged to Bluey. She decided to leave the rest; but she felt guilty, for by rights Bluey should have seen the whole pony with its funny little ears and its long tail. So Pinky hid the box in the table drawer.

The more she thought of the matter the worse she felt. When mother and Bluey came home they were so interested in telling about their day in town that they did not notice how silent Pinky was and how little she ate for supper. She did not say a word about Aunt Mary's present. Bluey's dog began to sniff round the table drawer that evening, but Pinky quickly put him outside, and no one seemed to notice it.

Poor little Pinky did not feel happy. The evening before her birthday too! She could hardly smile and kiss a thank you when mother took her privately into her bedroom and showed her the photograph album that they had bought for Pinky to give her brother for his birthday present.

Mother said that Pinky looked tired and sent her to bed early, but Pinky could not sleep. Every time she closed her eyes hundreds of chocolate animals would parade before them, and she could smell and taste the sweet chocolate. The tears kept coming. If only Bluey could have seen the dear little pony when it was whole!

Early the next morning, lying in her bed, she saw father come to the door and look in. Bluey was sleeping soundly. Father grinned when he saw Pinky and beckoned her to come to him.

"So you can't sleep on your birthday morning," he said, wrapping a robe round her and lifting her on his shoulder. "Well, I have a surprise for you. Lady Jane has given you the first present of all."

Pinky held back the tears that almost squeezed out on her cheeks. Oh, if only he knew about Aunt Mary's present!

They were in the barn now. Father was showing her a Shetland pony baby, all soft and fuzzy and warm. Pinky forgot her troubles for a moment and squealed for joy.

"Promise me not to tell Bluey, father. Let me surprise him," Pinky begged.

"It's your pony, so that's fair," said father. After breakfast Pinky led father and Bluey to the barn. She held Bluey's fat little hand tight, and she had winked hard behind Bluey's back at father.

When they came to Lady Jane's stall it was Bluey's turn to gasp. There beside Lady Jane was the fuzzy new baby pony with a blue ribbon round its neck from which a piece of white cardboard hung. It said: "For Bluey from Lady Jane and Pinky."

Pinky showed them the box of chocolate animals even to the tummy of the chocolate pony. Pinky's heart was beating fast. She had suffered for her selfishness.

"O Bluey, I'm so sorry about the chocolate pony; it looked so good," she said, hoping that Bluey would not be cross with her.

Bluey put one of his fat little hands on her shoulder and ran the fingers of his other hand through the soft fur of his new pet.

"Huh!" said Bluey. "Who wants a chocolate pony now! I'll call him Chocolate. How long before I can ride him, father?"

Pinky put two warm little arms round Lady Jane's neck and whispered, "Lady Jane, you're my friend."

Ingersoll Pencil

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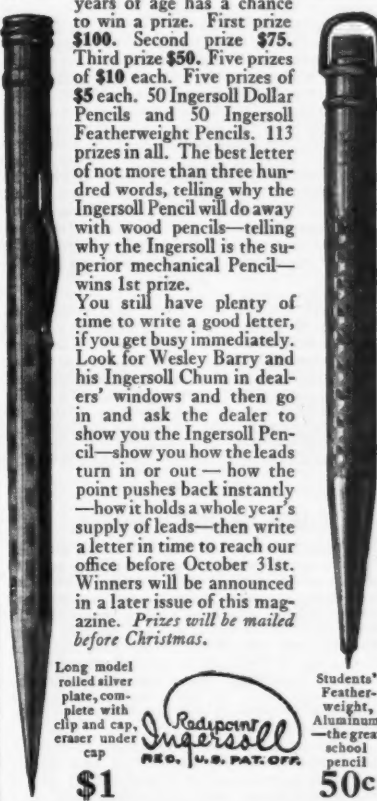
WESLEY BARRY, starring in Warner Brothers' Classics of the Screen, wrote this letter:

DEAR MR. INGERSOLL: Gee! but I like my Ingersoll Pencil. She's a dandy. I can load her in ten seconds flat, honest, and she never gets out of whack on me. I'm carrying enough leads in her to run me a whole year, and say you ought to see the other kids' eyes bulge out when I push down on the point and the lead pops back into the barrel. Some little old lead saver, I'll say.

Wesley Barry

Letters are pouring into our office by the hundreds. Every school boy and girl under 17 years of age has a chance to win a prize. First prize \$100. Second prize \$75. Third prize \$50. Five prizes of \$10 each. Five prizes of \$5 each. 50 Ingersoll Dollar Pencils and 50 Ingersoll Featherweight Pencils. 113 prizes in all. The best letter of not more than three hundred words, telling why the Ingersoll Pencil will do away with wood pencils—telling why the Ingersoll is the superior mechanical Pencil—wins 1st prize.

You still have plenty of time to write a good letter, if you get busy immediately. Look for Wesley Barry and his Ingersoll Chum in dealers' windows and then go in and ask the dealer to show you the Ingersoll Pencil—show you how the leads turn in or out—how the point pushes back instantly—how it holds a whole year's supply of leads—then write a letter in time to reach our office before October 31st. Winners will be announced in a later issue of this magazine. Prizes will be mailed before Christmas.



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FISHER BOATS

By Ethel Brooks Stillwell



The little boats lie idle on the bay,
Frail, empty shells that slowly rise and dip
With each slow swell that trails a passing ship—
Dream-still, dream-quiet, waterworn and gray.

But at first faint dawn when the fishers come
They leap to life with the motors' hum;
They dash and race through the keen salt spray
Like hounds unleashed on the scent of prey.
Over the far blue rim they go
Into the crimsoning sunrise glow,
And a veil of gossamer glory floats—
Topaz, tourmaline, lazuli—
Over the joyous beautiful boats
Racing into the sunrise sky.

Under the glare of the noonday sun
Out of the blue immensity
The boats come wearily one by one,
Tame seeking the safe home quay,
Laden they come and slow and spent,
Yield their treasure and slip away
To lie at mooring in dull content,
Empty and idle upon the bay.

NO ESCAPE

"WHAT'S the use, Dr. Wymer, of trying to keep straight? Look at the fellows who do all sorts of things that are anything but straight and get away with it!" As he spoke, Paul Maxey looked with a puzzled frown at his pastor.

"But do they get away with it, Paul?"

"They seem to."

"Benedict Arnold escaped punishment for his treason, but think how he died alone in a London garret, despised even by those whom he had worked for! After David had become king of Israel he sinned and thought to escape, but Nathan pointed an accusing finger at him and said: 'Thou art the man,' and David trembled. Even though as king he escaped man's punishment, he had to face his sin. 'Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,' he cried when he saw himself for what he was, a murderer. Do you read the daily papers, Paul?"

"Yes, surely."

"Can you pick up a paper without seeing the apprehension of some one who had thought he could do wrong and escape?"

"No. But, Dr. Wymer, how often they do escape punishment, even though their wrongdoing has been exposed!"

"They do escape it too often. Human justice, being human, is far from being perfect. And yet there are more persons who do not escape man's punishment than who do. It may be delayed, but it comes to them finally in one form or another. But suppose they do escape man's punishment; what of facing their own conscience, as David was forced to do? And if they escape that, what of facing their sins and weaknesses in their children? To my way of thinking there is no more remarkable passage in the Bible than that in which the patriarch Jacob gathered his sons together for his final words. 'Reuben,' he said bitterly, 'unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' And of Simeon and Levi he said they were 'instruments of cruelty' . . . in their anger they slew a man.' Jacob had repented of the sins of his youth, but was finding his punishment in the faults of his sons."

Paul was silent.

"There is no escape, Paul," Dr. Wymer continued; "I know there often seems to be, but sometime in some form we all have to face our sins. We may have so hardened our hearts that we can look upon a crooked and degenerate self without trembling, but we can't escape it in the next generation; we hand down our defects to our children and to their children's children."

"I suppose you are right," Paul admitted, "though it is hard at times to see it that way."

HER FATHER'S WORDS

IT was Martha's last night at home. She had known of course that it would be hard to leave her father, even though Aunt Ellen was coming to keep house for him, but she had never realized just how hard it would be till the time came. It was queer how difficult it was to talk; both were oddly silent. Then the clock struck ten, and Martha turned to her father.

"I—I didn't know that it was going to be like this!" she cried. "I don't feel a bit like a college girl, father. I feel about five years old, and homesick."

"I feel as if the world were coming to an end," her father replied. He was smiling, but Martha saw with a pang that he looked old. "I wish I could say things, dear, the things that your mother would have said. I don't know much about girls. Only I'm pretty sure of one thing. You may feel strange and lonely at first—a little country girl among so many who have had all sorts of things; yet the real things of life are always the same, no matter how the outward

circumstances differ. Courage and honesty and kindness are current everywhere. In the end, being sterling, they must win the things of biggest value in life."

"That sounds like you, father! I—I'll try to remember," said Martha.

College was different from anything that Martha had ever experienced. In her high-school class there had been nine girls; at college she was in a class of four hundred. Certain girls were popular at once—athletic girls, girls with beauty, money or a gift for leadership. Martha was only one of the unnoticed ones.

When the question of class dues arose Claire Jocelyn proposed twenty-five dollars, and Claire had enthusiastic followers. Martha began to calculate; could she afford to pay so much as that? Then something caught her attention—the dismayed eyes of a plainly dressed girl whose name she did not know. For a moment Martha fought hard; she so longed to be among the girls who counted for something in the class. To have anyone think that she was queer and perhaps mean might spoil her chances. Yet that girl's eyes!

Martha got suddenly to her feet. "Madam chairman," she said, "it seems to me that the only fair way is to have each girl write on a slip of paper the sum that she can afford to pay. It isn't easy to say it out loud sometimes, but we could all write it. From the amount on the slips we could strike an average. I make this as a motion."

Martha's heart was beating hard as she sat down. Then to her astonishment her motion passed, and the dues were finally put at ten dollars.

As they left the meeting half a dozen girls stopped to thank her, and suddenly Martha remembered her father's words.

RUSSIA TODAY

IV

THE Reds had more than one reason for attacking the church. They wanted to overthrow the patriarch, who had anathematized them and on several occasions sent them some exceedingly strong and courageous remonstrances against the murders they had committed and the attacks they had made on Christianity. They also wanted to overthrow the church, which they regarded quite rightly as an obstacle to their communistic schemes.

Incredible as it may seem, the recent attack on the church and the gratuitous attacks of all kinds in which the soviet government has been indulging of late are owing largely to the growth of opposition inside the Communist party. Since March, 1921, when Lenin virtually abolished Bolshevism, the doctrines of communism have been disappearing from the government programme, and the pretended millennium in the shape of world revolution seems to be receding farther and farther into the dim future. The conferences at Genoa, at The Hague and at Lausanne had brought the Bolsheviks into sharp contact with those economic realities the existence of which they had till then persisted in ignoring; and the result of the conferences has been the abandonment of the few remaining Marxist maxims to which the Bolsheviks still clung. In fact Marxism is a word that is not mentioned now in the best Bolshevik circles; "Leninism" has taken its place.

It was for the purpose of reaffirming their authority at home and reconciling a disenchanted following to further concessions that the Bolsheviks decided to attack the only institution that had survived from the pre-revolutionary era; namely, the orthodox hierarchy. They hoped by doing so to keep up the fanaticism of their followers. Judging by my own personal experience with the Bolshevik leaders, they fear nothing so much at the present moment as tepidity.

The Bolsheviks profoundly distrust every party in Russia except their own; they feel that if once they lose the support of their Reds they themselves will be lost. And as their Reds have formed an appetite for blood and destruction, an appetite that must be satisfied at all costs, it is difficult to see how the soviet government can become moderate for a long time to come. Krassin, Tchitcherin and Litvinov are all anxious for things to settle down and for trade with foreign countries to resume, for it can hardly be said to have begun yet. Those three were opposed to the execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch, but could not prevent the atrocity and were afraid even to protest against it.

It may be said that the present change in the administration of the Russian Church came from within; but that is not so—it came from the Bolsheviks.

FLOWERS AND FASHIONS

AMONG the minor artists, contemporaries of the almost forgotten landscape painter Joseph Farington, whose just-published diary has recalled them to remembrance, was Mary Moser, the flower painter, one of the two women elected to the Royal Academy. Indeed a vote was once cast for her for president of that distinguished body, but less in compliment to her than in disparagement of some one else—Benjamin West, the American, who was yet sufficiently British to pronounce the academy the "hackademy." West was elected, and when Fuseli, who had voted for Mrs. Moser, was

asked by a friend why he had done it he replied grumpily: "Well, suppose I did? She is eligible to the office, and is not one old woman as good as another?"

The reference is equally disrespectful to West and to Mrs. Moser, and the lady, at least, did not deserve it. She was quite unlike many old women and much better than any old woman who might have happened to be dull or idle or ill-natured; for she was pleasant, gifted, kindly and vivacious. She was also reasonably fashionable, but with a humorous eye for the absurdities of her time in dress.

"Come to town and admire our plumes," she once wrote to a friend. "We sweep the skies! A duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one in each corner of her cap. Fashion is grown a monster. Pray tell your operator that your hair must measure three quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to another."

Again she wrote of a glimpse she had had of two great ladies:

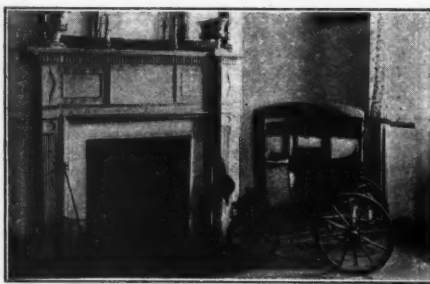
"The duchess and her niece I had a good view of, the young lady quite moderate in her head-dress and ornaments and her rouge omitted. I think of intention to suit the aspect of grief, which in her case it is said cannot go more than skin-deep. She appeared, a pale, elegant and engaging creature. Her aunt the duchess is very large, of an apoplectic habit and wore black velvet and plumes so many and so huge and nodding so majestically as rather befitted a hearse than a woman. Below them and above her swelling black gown her ruddy round visage glowed as inappropriately gay as a red apple laid on a pall."

The most important commission ever executed by Mary Moser was the decoration of a room at Frogmore at the order of Queen Charlotte. Its flowery, bowery effect was greatly admired at the time. But she was more woman than artist, and after her happy marriage to Capt. Hugh Lloyd she was quite content to cease painting—except occasionally and rarely, as an amateur.

MADE AT MOUNT VERNON

THE wheelwright at Mount Vernon made this baby coach. Today it stands beside the fireplace in the music room of the old Carlyle House at Alexandria, Virginia—an exact duplicate in miniature of the fine old-time family coach.

John Carlyle, a merchant of Alexandria, frequently entertained his friend George Washington overnight. Washington's diary records more than one festive occasion at that city, followed by the words, "Lodged at John Carlyle's." So it may be that Washington and Carlyle together



The coach indoors

planned the tiny coach as they sat of an evening beside the fire; certain it is that the vehicle was made in Washington's own shops.

The Carlyle babies must surely have been one of the sights of old Alexandria, when, accompanied by their black "mammies," they appeared on the streets in their luxurious little coach drawn by two white goats!

JAZZ IN THE CAMPAIGN

WHILE Secretary of Labor James J. Davis was still "the Iron Puddler," as he relates in his book of that title, he was a candidate for the office of city clerk of Elwood, Indiana. He writes:

I circulated among the audiences that were listening to other candidates and waited for the men to express their opinions. I heard one stalwart old fellow declare that he was going to vote for Jazz. "Jazz is the fellow we want for city clerk," I heard him tell his comrades. I had never heard of Jazz in those days; Jazz was decidedly a dark horse.

There is a trick that was often used in small-town elections. When the "reform element" made a fight on the "old gang" it was customary for the gang to lie down and place the name of a new man on the ticket. Was this trick being played on me? Were they now passing round the word to scratch me and write in the name of their friend Jazz?

I edged in closer and after listening for a while I learned that "Jazz Davis" was the man he was electioneering for. He caught sight of my face and said, "There he is now."

"My name isn't Jazz," I said. I handed him my card. It read: JAS. J. DAVIS.

"What is it, then?" he asked.

At once I saw that I should lose a vote if I

humiliated him. So I laughed and said, "Yep, I'm him. I was just kidding. I'm mightily glad to have your support."

But I went away worried. My personal friends knew me as Jimmy. The men I had electioneered and handed cards to thought my name was Jazz. On the ballot my name would appear James. Between Jimmy, Jim, James and Jazz my fellows would find plenty of room for confusion. Every vote that I lost on that account would be owing to my own carelessness.

It taught me the lesson of exactness. I never again used puzzling language, but tried to stick to words that could not be misunderstood.

"AND" OR "BUT"

THE well-known novelist Sir James Barrie is a quiet, retiring man, but as he is a genius stories inevitably collect about him. In his book Shouts and Murmurs Mr. Alexander Woolcott tells two new ones.

It seems that Sir James's whimsical fairy play, Peter Pan, greatly puzzled the old-line theatrical men in London. They could not see how it could possibly succeed—until it did. Before its production Sir Herbert Tree thus expressed himself to Charles Frohman, producer of the play:

"Barrie has gone out of his mind, Frohman. I am sorry to say it, but you ought to know it. He's just read me a play. He is going to read it to you, so I am warning you. I know I have not gone woolly in my mind, because I have tested myself since hearing the play; but Barrie must be mad. He has written four acts all about fairies, children and Indians running through the most incoherent story you ever listened to; and what do you suppose? The last act is to be set on top of trees!"

The other story contains an example of Barrie's wit.

On the eve of one of the annual revivals of the play a player went to Barrie with the request that he be "featured" in the play bills.

"And what would 'featuring' be?" asked Barrie cautiously. Whereat the actor, growing expansive under this show of interest, explained in detail that, though he scarcely hoped to be starred, he did aspire to have his name separated from the lesser folk of the company by a large preliminary "AND." "AND?" said Barrie. "Why not BUT?"

NOT GUILTY OF PROFITEERING

FOUR years ago, said Mr. Charles Vezin, the landscape painter, in one of his confidential moments, I gave up the double life of commerce and art for the single blessedness of painting. While exploring rural New England for a sketching ground I injured my shoulder and called on a country practitioner. He was a man of culture and of real professional attainments. When I left that part of the country I asked the good doctor to send me his bill. He did not do so until a year and a half later. When I received a bill for one hundred and fifty dollars for professional services I looked at it aghast and thought: "Well, that is pretty steep! A hundred and fifty dollars for three visits to the office of a country practitioner."

I said to myself: "You confounded medical profiteer, I'd like to see you get it!" I was about to write him what our English friends call a "snarky" letter, but on pondering the matter I decided to pretend to think that he meant to write fifteen instead of a hundred and fifty and mailed a check for fifteen dollars with his bill. Three days later I opened a letter from him, returning my check. I murmured: "So you are going to insist on payment. Well, you can sue me!"

But on opening his letter I was astonished to find these words:

"Dear Mr. Vezin: I herewith return your check. You made a mistake. My bill is one dollar and fifty cents."

OBSCURE

A CERTAIN painter, says the Art Record, has lost his mind and has to be confined in an asylum. To his visitors he says:

"Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece!" They look and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask: "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"They will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious."

MORE ROOM! MORE ROOM!

IT was back in the A. E. F. days, says the American Legion Weekly. George Washington Jones, a negro soldier from Georgia, gazed longingly at the "Hommes 40-Chevaux 8" painted on the French freight car.

"Ah doan reckon Ah knows what is dem Shss-vaux," he said to himself, "but sure nuff Ah wishes Ah was one. Dey only puts eight of dem in a car."

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STAMPS TO STICK

THE value of the Russian ruble has been readjusted, and new stamps have appeared. Under the readjustment 1,000,000 rubles of 1921 are equivalent to one ruble of today. In the latest series, the 3-ruble carmine and the 10-ruble gray show each a helmeted soldier; on the 4-ruble brown appears a sailor, and on the 5-ruble blue is a peasant. Other values will soon appear.

THE jubilee series of stamps marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Wilhelmina as Queen of the Netherlands was issued on August 31, when the Queen made a triumphal entry into The Hague in inaugurating the ceremonies. Although Wilhelmina came to the throne in 1890, she was then but a child, and the coronation did not take place until September 6, 1898. The stamps were issued on August 31, instead of September 6, for the reason that the former date is her birthday.

The appearance of these stamps at this time came as a surprise to philatelists, as the stamp publications abroad had been given to understand that the issue would not be placed on sale until 1925, although the reason for that was not made clear.

AS already mentioned in The Companion, when the Universal Postal Union celebrates its fiftieth birthday in convention at Stockholm in 1924, two series of stamps will be issued by Sweden, one Swedish in character and the other international. The competition for the designs recently closed. More than three hundred sketches were submitted. The design chosen for the international series shows a carrier pigeon with a letter in its beak. The first award in the contest for the Swedish issue was for a sketch that pictures an ancient part of the city of Stockholm, showing its narrow lakes, the four towers of the Riddarholms-Kyrka, the City Hall, the German Church and the Storkyrka, or "Great Church."

THE New Stamp World, a novel philatelic journal, has appeared in Budapest. Though published in Hungary, the paper, a monthly, is printed only in English and begins life with a circulation of ten thousand copies.

There are stamp publications in almost every country, but in the lands where English is not spoken there are few that are printed in English, and many of the best things in the foreign periodicals are not translated. Budapest is almost in the center of the new Europe. Czechoslovakia lies to the north, Roumania to the east, Yugoslavia to the south, and Austria to the west. All those countries and many others in Europe have stamp journals, and the New Stamp World will cull from all of them the best of the stamp news and reprint it in English.

The editor and publisher is Mr. William Borsodi, who, though born a Hungarian, became a naturalized American citizen and for a time published in this country a successful chess magazine.

THE indications are that 1923 will be one of the most prolific periods in the history of stamp collecting, as regards the number of varieties distributed through the Universal Postal Union at Bern, Switzerland.

Up to the 1st of October, 110 governments had printed 1055 different stamps that are recognized by the American standard stamp catalogue. Hundreds of other varieties were reported in the philatelic press abroad, and many more are promised for appearance in October, November or December. Thus it will be surprising if the figures do not again exceed 2000, and by a large margin, although it will be well along in 1924 before it can be known definitely what the present year's output has been.

Of the 1055 varieties thus far recorded, nearly one half are surcharged. Most of the overprints were created to supply stamps of new value. Some were to convert regular stamps into official or postage-due or special-delivery or charity stamps. Some were provided as issues for occupied territory. Others were for special uses in post offices administered in foreign lands.

More than 400 of the 1055 varieties can be classified as differing from the regular current stamps used for prepayment of ordinary postage on first-class letters. In the lead is the commemorative group, which contains 112 varieties. Stamps of that class have been issued by the United States—the 2-cent, black, Harding; by Greece, where stocks of earlier issues were overprinted to commemorate the revolution of 1922; by Luxemburg, in honor of the birth of a princess and in memory of soldiers who died in the Great War; by Memel, to commemorate the setting up of an autonomous government; by Uruguay, in memory of José Artigas, soldier and politician identified with the early struggles of

the republic for liberty; by France—the Pasteur memorial issue; by Chile, during the Pan-American Congress; and by Japan, on the occasion of the crown prince's journey to Formosa.

Next came the postage-due stamps, which seventeen governments have issued.

Officials rank third among the special groups, ten countries being represented.

Fourth come the occupation issues—from Castelorizo, to mark its acquisition by Italy; and from Memel—49 of them, issued at the time of the Lithuanian invasion.

In the fifth place are the charity stamps—from Austria, where the designs were buildings; from Belgium, in aid of the war sufferers; from China, to raise funds for flood victims; from Danzig, to help the aged poor; from Germany, to raise money for sufferers in the Ruhr; from Hungary, to procure funds to commemorate the Hungarian poet, Alexander Petöfi; from Luxemburg, to finance the building of a war monument; from Russia, "Philately's Contribution to Labor."

Next came the air-post stamps, issued by the United States in connection with transcontinental flights, and by Austria, Danzig, Germany and Switzerland—25 varieties in all.

In the other special groups are parcel-post stamps and those for special and pneumatic delivery.

Notable regular series that appeared in the first nine months are those of the Irish Free State, the first issues of which appeared late in 1922; of Spain—a series that bears the King's portrait, also begun in 1922; the Congo, showing heads and figures of native girls; Liberia, representing pioneers landing in 1822; Mexico, illustrating buildings and monuments; Southwest Africa—the first stamps issued since the colony was wrested from Germany in the war; Estonia, showing a map of the Baltic republic; St. Helena, bearing the discoverer's vessel in the time of the late fifteenth century, a series begun in 1922; Trans-Jordania—Palestine stamps bearing a surcharge that reads "Arab Government of the East"; Egypt, King Fuad's portrait; Irak, native mosques and symbolic designs; Irak's first definitive set; Persia, noted men and the pictures of buildings; and Newfoundland, a pictorial series.

SO many nations are continually issuing stamps that it is startling to read, in a Washington news dispatch, that the Post Office Department has been advised of Germany's abandonment of the custom in favor of the early system of requiring money for postage to be paid in over the post-office counter. Collectors believe that this arrangement will be only temporary, and that Germany will return to the practice of issuing stamps as soon as the currency has been restored to some measure of stability. The negligible value of the mark is given as the reason for the change, Washington having been informed that the paper has become worth more than the face value of the stamps themselves.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Companion, writing from Palestine, makes reference to a Trans-Jordanian set that he says was in use before the region became independent. They are the E. E. F. stamps that bear the Arabic inscription "Sharki al Urdun," which he translates to mean "East of Jordan." Of that series the philatelic authorities in England and in this country have not yet been informed.

THE same correspondent sends word of a series of "tax" stamps, otherwise known as postage dues, that has appeared in Palestine—the first of their kind to be issued there. Each stamp carries "Palestine" and "Postage Due" in three languages, including English. The values and colors are 1 milliëme brown, 2 milliëmes bluish green, 4 milliëmes orange-red and 8 milliëmes violet.

THE COMPANION of August 23 told something about the semiofficial air-post stamps issued with the consent of the Colombian government by a private mail-carrying aeroplane company operating in the South American republic. An entire new issue of those stamps has appeared. In England they are recognized, as the earlier ones were, but the American standard catalogue has not yet accepted them. The stamps, printed in Berlin and watermarked with the familiar Teutonic noughts and crosses, show a seaplane as the central design. The values and colors are 5 centavos yellow ochre, 10 centavos deep green, 15 centavos red, 20 centavos gray, 30 centavos dark blue, 50 centavos dark green, 60 centavos sepia, 1 peso gray-black, 2 pesos orange-brown, 3 pesos gray-violet and 5 pesos olive.

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Runs Toy Machinery

BOYS, just think of the fun you can have running this engine and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop horse power sufficient to run the buzz saw described on this page and many of the Meccano models, as well as the toy machinery you can make. The engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that may help you later in life.

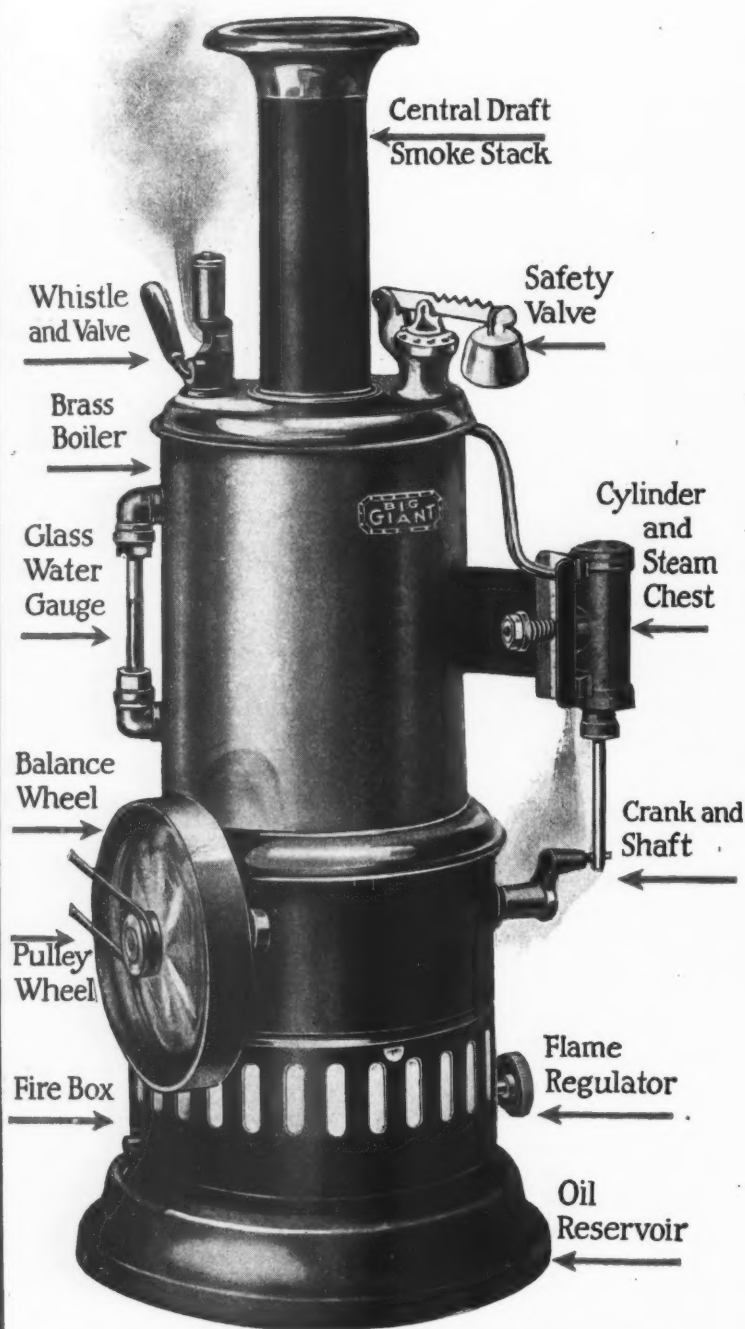
DESCRIPTION. The illustration does not show the full size of the engine. It stands eleven inches high and is absolutely safe. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful steam engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have been made this season: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The engine is finely finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys offered.

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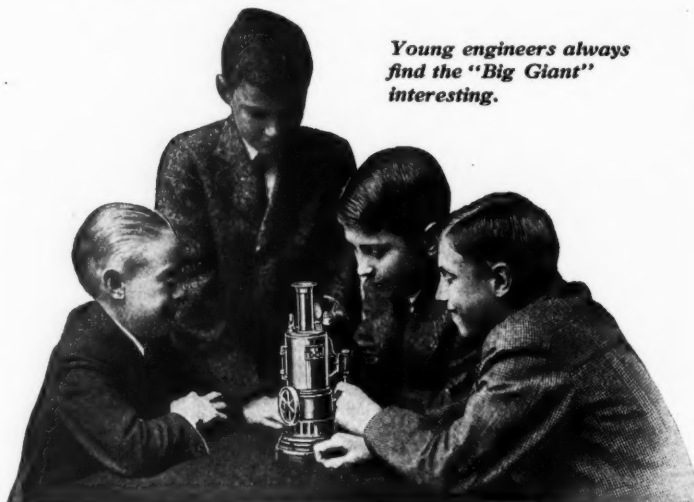
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